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THE DICKENSIAN

EDITED BY LESLIE C. STAPLES

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE FOR DICKENS LOVERS

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ILLUSTRATED

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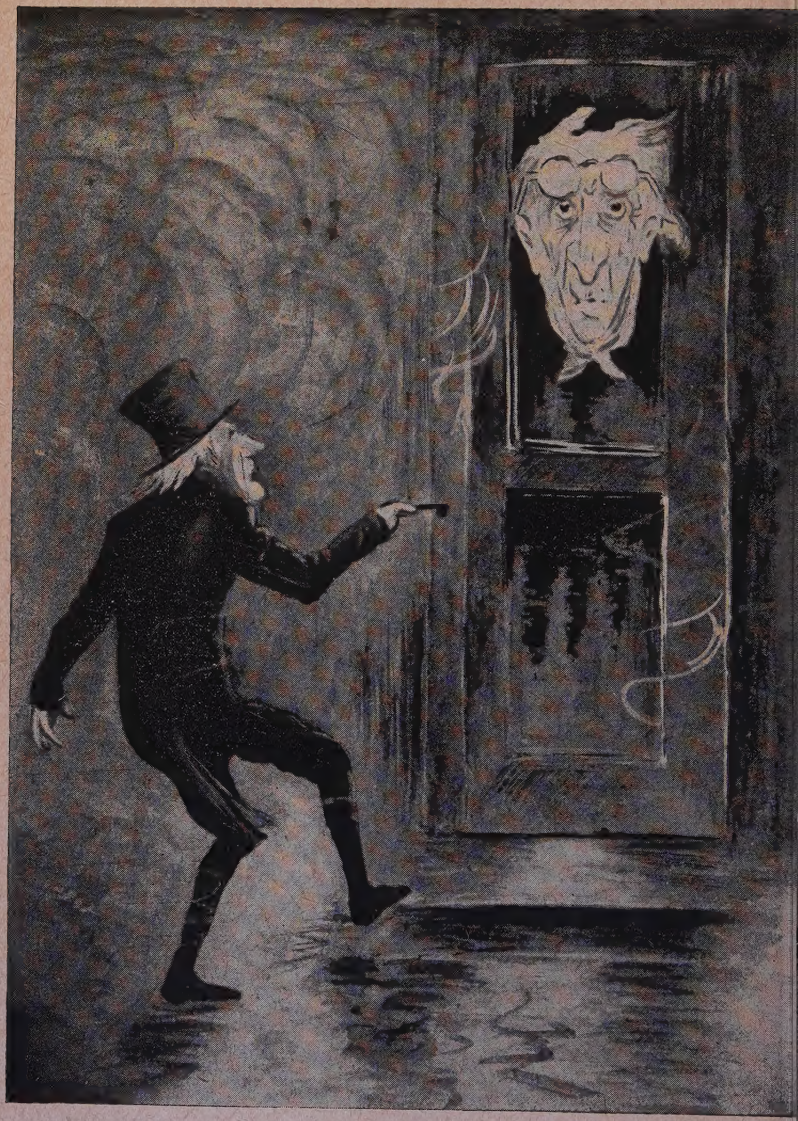


" . . . not a knocker, but Marley's face."

Specially drawn for *The Dickensian* by J. Greaves.

THE DICKENSIAN

WINTER NUMBER

VOL. XLIV. 1st DECEMBER, 1947 No. 285

The Season's Greetings. It is two years since sounds of martial strife died away, but the era of real "peace and goodwill toward men" is not yet manifest to any appreciable extent. All the more therefore will the Dickens lover turn to those beloved pages of the *Carol*, *Pickwick* and the rest, for seasonal cheer and a renewal of faith in the verities which those writings sought to inculcate. So, in sending Yuletide Greetings to all our readers the world over, we say with Scrooge's nephew: "I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

* * * * *

The Noter. We receive from time to time many messages of appreciation of the invaluable series of Notes on the novels of Dickens which have been appearing regularly in *The Dickensian* for several years. Dickens lovers are greatly indebted to Mr. T. W. Hill. We have been frequently assured, and we heartily agree, that not only do they prove to be of the greatest usefulness but have just as high an entertainment value to the Dickensian who loves to read about the books in which he so greatly delights. The series is all but complete, and Notes to eight of the major novels have already appeared; the

remainder will be published in these pages in due course. In this number, appropriately at Christmas time, we embark on those to *The Pickwick Papers*. As Mr. Hill writes in his Apologia, the task has been tackled before, but we are confident that his readers will delight in the familiar erudition and zest which he brings now to this (in every sense) most notable of books. They will need no admonition to " fall to."

* * * * *

Shakespeare's Birthplace. An interesting exhibition was held at Shakespeare's Birthplace during the autumn in celebration of the Centenary of the establishment of the little house at Stratford-upon-Avon as a National Monument to England's greatest poet. It included playbills of the performances, mainly consisting of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and Ben Jonson's *Everyman in his Humour*, given by Dickens and his theatrical company of distinguished amateurs, in aid of the endowment of a curatorship for the house. The building was purchased by a committee formed for the purpose, at a public auction in London in September, 1847. This event aroused considerable public interest and numerous schemes to raise funds were announced, among them that of Dickens. It was the intention that the first curator should be Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist. The story of these performances in detail may be found in *The Dickensian*, 1940, p. 22, but there is some doubt about the outcome. A recent visit to the Birthplace Record-Room revealed that nothing is known there about the disposition of the money raised, for neither Sheridan Knowles nor anyone else was appointed to be Curator. According to some accounts the dramatist benefited directly from the total sum realized, whether from the capital or the interest derived from it is not stated. He died in 1862, and eight years later we find the Birthplace Trustees enquiring about the profits of Dickens's theatrical tour and coming to the conclusion that as they were raised for the specific purpose of endowing a curatorship and as such had not been created, they had no claim to them. Thereafter, there is no reference to the scheme in the Birthplace records.

* * * * *

A Stratford project abandoned. It is not generally known that Dickens at one time thought of including Stratford-upon-Avon in his theatrical tour in aid of the curatorship. Searching recently in the Forster Bequest at the Victoria and Albert Museum, we came across a plan of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre there, sent to Dickens by Peter Cunningham, who was the Hon. Treasurer of the London committee which purchased the Birthplace. It includes details of the capacity of the auditorium and dimensions of the stage. This theatre, which opened in 1827 and was active until 1872 (seven years before the first Shakespeare Memorial Theatre was opened), stood in Chapel Lane adjacent to the garden of New Place where Shakespeare died. It was demolished many years since. Dickens is found writing to Cunningham, " The Stratford Theatre will hold, I take it, at high prices, about £200. The company being at Birmingham, it would certainly be desirable to act there to so much money—if it could be filled, as the additional expenses would be very small indeed." But the plan was abandoned because, as Dickens explained to Cunningham a month later, the performance there would deflect some patrons from attending that in Birmingham. Publicly it was announced that the company were not to appear at Stratford owing to the small size of the theatre. A pity. Such a performance would have been a most interesting additional chapter to the story of the historic town.

Oliver in Dublin. Dublin's Gaiety Theatre staged in September another Dickens play of which excellent reports reach us. This time *Oliver Twist* was chosen. The adaptation was an elaborate one by Ian Priestley-Mitchell, who also directed the production. Fagin, Sikes and Nancy were played by Anew McMaster, Alec de Gabriel and Esme Biddle respectively.

* * * * *

The Reading Versions. Remarks recorded in this place last September about the copies of the rare printed version of *Sikes and Nancy* require a little correction. The copy in the library of Count de Suzannet is that in which Mrs. Billington, to whom the novelist presented it, copied the stage directions noted by Dickens in the margins of the copy he used on the reading platform in London. That copy we learn is now in the New York Public Library.

* * * * *

Burns's Giftie Granted. Our friend, Mr. Humphry House, whom we recognise as one of the most understanding of Dickens commentators, has recently been getting into hot water. The Soviet *Literaturnaya Gazeta* accuses him of distorting the picture of his great countryman and "marching in goose step with the whole demoralising and sadistic style in Western thought," and all because in a recent B.B.C. talk Mr. House suggested that the "most striking characters in Dickens's novels are the outcasts, the misanthropes, murderers and degenerates." We do not think that Mr. House will need any championing in England, and we imagine that in Russia readers of Dickens will still, privately, enjoy reading about Little Em'ly, Ralph Nickleby, Jonas Chuzzlewit and Barnaby Rudge, even if, publicly, they are compelled to "deplore the whole reactionary trends in Western ideology."

* * * * *

American Branches Please Note. The Charles Dickens School, Lant Street, Borough, London, S.E.1, is seeking to form a library for its scholars whose ages range from about five to eleven years. This school has been aided in various ways by the Dickens Fellowship for many years. It stands hard by the house in which lodged the child Dickens whilst his parents were confined in the Marshalsea Debtors' Prison. Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen also probably lived in that same house. The difficulty of obtaining children's books is very great in this country at present and if American Branches, publishers, or other well-wishers could send suitable books for the use of the scholars, they would be deeply appreciated. Do not send them to the Dickens House, but direct to the Head Mistress, Miss E. K. Gee, at the school, who will gladly acknowledge them.

* * * * *

The House In Little An Arts and Civic Exhibition illustrating "St. Pancras To-day" was held at the St. Pancras Town Hall during September. The Dickens House was brought to the notice of visitors by the exhibition of a beautifully executed scale model of the house by Mr. John Greaves. The model caused considerable interest and it is hoped that many more visitors to Doughty Street will result.

* * * * *

Might have beens. A writer in the *Times Literary Supplement* indulges in some piquant speculation. "Perhaps it was a pity that Dickens did not write Karl Marx's *Das Capital*, but it is a mercy that that author did not write *Great Expectations*."

A Dickens Festival. In glowing October sunshine the delightful little "English Watering Place" of Broadstairs, so beloved of the novelist for so many years, held a four day Dickens Festival which promises to become an annual event. Outstanding amidst a programme of visits, a lecture, a concert and an excursion was the nightly performance of a new dramatic adaptation of *Nicholas Nickleby* by Gladys Waterer who has already a number of successful adaptations to her credit. In this case Dotheboys Hall has been taken as the central theme and around it has been woven a smoothly running story which, while adhering faithfully to the book, proved to be highly successful in dramatic performance.

* * * * *

The Dickens Players. Miss Waterer was fortunate in her company. Frank Douglas, who also produced the play, was an outstanding if somewhat saturnine Squeers. Skilful performances of the Mantalinis were contributed by Anthony Buckeridge and Margery Jackson and a really notable success was scored by M. Steward in the difficult rôle of Smike. There was an excellent John Browdie in James Leach and although Percy Shelvey was not physically suited as Newman Noggs, he gave a very clever rendering of the character. The rest of a cast too lengthy to enumerate did admirably. Among the notable features of the production was the consistent manner in which the Yorkshire brogue was sustained by all the natives of Dotheboys, no mean achievement in a southern company and the capital playing of a large number of boys as the pupils of Mr. Squeers. The beating of that pedagogue and the final break-up of the school were scenes to be remembered. Hearty congratulations all round were well deserved. The newly re-formed Broadstairs Branch of the Fellowship should derive much strength from these festivals and contribute much too. Miss Waterer's adaptation of *A Christmas Carol*, first performed last year in Broadstairs, is to be given by the Ramsgate Repertory Company as its Christmas production, opening on Boxing Night.

* * * * *

Welcome. When the difficulties of these abnormal times are considered it is indeed a pleasure to be able to record some notable additions to our ranks. A new Branch of the Dickens Fellowship has been formed at Lytham St. Annes and another at Wolverhampton. As reported on page 54 a new Branch is in course of formation at Eastbourne and now a new one at Portsmouth is being organized to replace the Birthplace Branch which has ceased to exist.

* * * * *

Our Printers Once again our gratitude to Messrs. A. Brown & Sons, Ltd., of Hull, has to be recorded. This firm has now printed *The Dickensian* for thirty-five years, and during that long period we have frequently been greatly indebted to them, particularly during the recent war, as was emphasised at Conference last May. Now we have a further opportunity of offering our thanks to them in full measure. As announced in our last number our binders have found it impossible to continue to undertake our work, but Messrs. Brown have come to the rescue and the volume for 1946 and those following will be bound by our own printers. Since writing these lines news has reached us of the death of Mr. David Drysdale. It was with him that editors of *The Dickensian* have dealt all these years and never failed to find the readiest sympathy and courtesy in all their difficulies. We salute the passing of a friend and extend our sincere condolences to his son and business colleagues.

LESLIE C. STAPLES.

The King of Seasons All

By YULE B. MERRIE

THE title of this little essay is Mr. Wardle's epithet for Christmas, and it fittingly expresses Dickens's own estimation of the Festival. He loved Christmastide from the days of his earliest recollection of all its joyous accompaniments. For him it was a time for family parties, reunions, renewed friendships, and generous hospitality. Nothing pleased him more than to wander with Forster or Wilkie Collins on Christmas Eve to see the eager marketing of the poorer classes, the bustling of the crowds, mothers, fathers and troops of children, many of them laden with parcels, the cries of the hawkers and the cheap-jacks, and the good-natured exchange of cockney banter and humour. He said "It is always a curious thing."

Christmas, the birthday of Christ, has, almost since the foundation of Christianity, been one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of the Church's festivals. It occurs at about the time of the winter solstice, which many heathen nations celebrated with great feastings, dancing, decorations of ivy and other evergreens, huge bonfires, the waits or carol singers, and the exchange of gifts, and many of these heathen customs were adopted by the Church for Christian symbolism. As Christmas was ordained to fall at the cold time of the year, the indoor festivities gained greatly from the domestic atmosphere thus engendered. Families reunited for the occasion, sons and daughters, single and married, children and grand-children, all gathered round the head of the family, and the entertainment of an "unbidden guest" became an established custom.

These were the surroundings among which Dickens spent his childhood. This was the source from which he got his love for the season. His daughter Mamie says that "Christmas was dearer to him than any other time of the year," and it is not strange that, as soon as his career as an author began, he plunged into his crusade for its continued and better observance. He loved the festival "for its deep significance as well as for its joys." And he practised what he preached.

Other authors before Dickens's time had described the English Christmas as it was, and none more charmingly than Washington Irving in his *Sketch Book* (1820) and *Bracebridge Hall* (1822). Attractive as these descriptions are, it is very doubtful whether Dickens can have read them or been inspired by them when he sent to "Bell's Life in London" in 1835, the papers *Christmas Festivities* and *The New Year*, afterwards included in *Sketches by Boz*: the style is so different and the outlook so individual to Dickens. Irving's two books were published when Dickens was only a lad of ten years of age, and his first years in London were marked by his father's financial difficulties when books would probably be hard to come by. The American author W. D. Howells wrote in *Criticism and Fiction*, "One would like to feel that it was Irving who set Christmas in that light in which Dickens saw its aesthetic capabilities. . . . Irving seems to have been the first to observe its surviving rites lovingly, and Dickens divined its immense advantages as a literary occasion." Such criticism entirely overlooks the fact that Dickens's two papers were part of a more or less deliberate scheme or series giving word-pictures of contemporary life as a whole. Dickens was not "taking a leaf" out of someone else's book; he was obviously drawing on his own observations and on his own experience.

It was nearly twenty years (April, 1841) after Irving's books that

Dickens wrote his first letter to him: "There is no living writer . . . whose approbation I should feel so proud to earn. And with everything you have written upon my shelves . . . I may honestly and truly say so. . . . I should like to travel with you outside the last of the coaches down to Bracebridge Hall. It would make my heart glad to compare notes with you about all those delightful places and people that I used to walk about with and dream of in the daytime when a very small and not over-particularly-taken-care-of-boy." That seems to show that between his poverty-haunted boyhood in Camden Town, when he had access to only a few books of his father's, and his prosperity at Devonshire Terrace in 1841 he had purchased and read with enjoyment Irving's sketches of the old English Christmas.

I think therefore that we must go further back than Irving, and even as far back as two generations, for the secret of Dickens's love for Christmas.

From the age of about four till he was eleven he was living at Chatham with his parents and six brothers and sisters (two of them babies), a happy little member of a happy family—"a most genial, lovable family." His father, John Dickens, "as kind-hearted and generous a man as ever lived," was a mercurial individual, "a fellow of infinite humour, chatty, lively and agreeable," and, if Micawber is a true portrait of him, easy-come-easy-go as regards money, giving to others wise advice that he did not apply to himself, prone to moments of depression alternating with periods of buoyant good-humour, fond of the creature-comforts of life, and devoted to his family. John Dickens may have been casual and indifferent about their education, but one gathers, although there is only indirect evidence, that the household was a merry one, and that games, music, dancing and conviviality occupied a large proportion of their time. To such a man, the son of the housekeeper at Crewe Hall, Cheshire—a country mansion of the true English type—having a family party at Christmas time would come naturally, founded upon his own recollections of the Christmases of his own youth spent in that spacious and hospitable Hall. Those were the Christmases he would transmit to the boy Charles, who in his turn would remember them and, when his own manhood arrived, would perpetuate them for us.

Unfortunately little is directly known of Dickens's early youth, and what little we have is due to his own scrap of autobiography written out for Forster in 1847 under pledge of secrecy and incorporated as fiction in *David Copperfield*, and to the researches of Langton recorded in his *Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens*. He says: "Charles was quite at home at all sorts of parties, junketings and birthday celebrations." By piecing together little scraps of information from many sources and by reading Dickens's own *The Christmas Tree*, *A Christmas Dinner*, *The New Year*, *Pickwick Papers*, Chap. xxviii, and the *Christmas Books*, we can, I think, build up a reasonable picture of the way in which Christmas was spent at Chatham and recognize how precious were the memories stored in Dickens's mind, and also appreciate his desire, so soon as he had a home of his own, to give to his family and his friends some taste of his own early enjoyments.

Let us recall some of the means by which English people of the early nineteenth century amused themselves and their guests at Christmas parties and give some instances of Dickens's use of these amusements in his various novels. All of the citations are obviously not about Christmas parties, but I think it may be legitimately assumed that the examples quoted are drawn from his memories of the family gatherings he knew in his childhood at Chatham.

On the removal to London the Dickens family was unable, for the reason already stated, to pursue the light-hearted revels of the Chatham

period, but young Charles would inevitably treasure in his mind the memories of those early parties, coupled with his own and his sister Fanny's childish performances elevated upon the dining table to show off their accomplishments: the country dances of which he remained so devoted a practitioner all his life; the conjuring; the amateur impersonations (of which no doubt the "lingo" he invented at the Wellington House Academy was an outgrowth); and all the other modes of entertainment indulged in when folk were thrown upon their own resources to provide their amusements. There was no turning a knob to hear a comedian perform; if you wanted a comic song you had either to sing it yourself or get one of your friends to do it.

Among the "parlour-tricks" indulged in for family parties were recitations, and what are now called impersonations. When performed by an expert they can be amusing, but in the hands of an amateur they command joyous laughter coupled with wonder at the temerity of the performer. Instances will be recalled of the use Dickens made of this accomplishment: At the Kenwigs's, Miss Petowker of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, who "went on" in the pantomime, recited, with her back-hair down, "The Blood-Drinker's Burial"; in "The Steam Excursion" (*Sketches by Boz*) Mr. Hardy, the funny gentleman, was invited because he could "sing comic songs, imitate hackney-coachmen and fowls, play airs upon his chin and execute concertos on the jew's-harp". At "The Bloomsbury Christening" Mr. Danton "could imitate the French horn to admiration, sang comic songs most inimitably." In *Pickwick Papers*, Mr. Mivins is credited with the ability to "come the four cats in the wheelbarrow—four distinct cats, sir, I pledge you my honour."

Akin to this gift—I think it must be a gift—is a mild sort of ventriloquism. Dickens was himself an adept at this kind of thing; he cultivated a special kind of voice for each of his children when they were very young, and another intonation was reserved for his animal pets, especially for Mamie's little Pomeranian Mrs. Bouncer, and for his canary Dick. In his novels he does not forget the use of this faculty; for instance, Sloppy, in *Our Mutual Friend*, is endowed with the gift of being "a beautiful reader of a newspaper. He do the Police in different voices"; in *Great Expectations*, Mr. Wopsle, reading the newspaper, "identified himself with every witness at the Inquest. He faintly moaned 'I am done for' as the victim, and he barbarously bellowed 'I'll serve you out' as the murderer. He gave the medical testimony in pointed imitation of our local practitioner, and he piped and shook as the aged turnpike-keeper."

INTO his exertions to make his Christmas parties successful, no doubt in emulation of his father in the Chatham days, Dickens threw the whole of his exuberant and painstaking nature. He devised and superintended everything with the thoroughness he was accustomed to devote to the theatrical performances of the Company of Strolling Players of his acting days. Charades of his own invention, Dumb Crambo in which his own acting was inimitable, Proverbs chosen from his own vast repertory, and Forfeits of the most ingenious and amusing kind, were among the entertainments prepared for the young children and their guests, and in later years as they grew up he included conjuring in which he possessed considerable skill, and "a magic lantern and divers tremendous engines of that nature." Corporate games

such as "I love my love with an A" or "How, when and where?" always went with a swing. "Blind-man's-buff" was a great favourite, as will be readily understood from the account of Mr. Pickwick allowing himself to be blindfolded, and in *A Christmas Carol* the description of Topper's manoeuvres to catch the plump sister in the lace tucker at Fred's Christmas party.

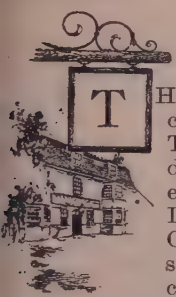
Writing to Professor Felton in 1844 he says: "Forster is out again [he had been unwell], and if he don't go in again after the manner in which we have been keeping Christmas [at Devonshire Terrace] he must be very strong indeed. Such dinings, such dancings, such conjurings, such blind-man's buffings, such kissings-out of old years and kissings-in of new ones, never took place in these parts before."

Card games were popular at Christmas parties then as now, and we may fairly conclude that such pastimes were practised in the Chatham days, and that Dickens, boy though he was at the time, would pick up a sufficient acquaintance with them to be used in his novels when he became an author, remembering always that children then knew a good deal more about cards than they do now and that fashions change. Pope Joan was played with "fish and flattery" and noisy mirth at Dingley Dell by the younger people, while the more serious and sedate settled down to whist. Speculation demanded the use of counters, with which Mr. Lillyvick quietly cheated at the Kenwigs's wedding anniversary. Beggar-my-neighbour was played under orders from Miss Havisham by Pip and Estella at which that boy shewed his coarse hands and called the knaves Jacks. Patience was one of the means employed by Magwitch to while away the time in his lodging in Essex Street. Blind Hookey, a gambling card-game, was in all probability known to the employees at Chatham Dockyard, where John Dickens was a clerk in the Pay Office, and it was not unconnected with the history of Mrs. Sparsit's in-laws the Powlers. All-fours must be included, as it employed only two players, and was therefore admirably suitable for the inmates of the Fleet Prison and the Marshalsea. But people of higher station such as Mr. Winkle and Mrs. Pott, Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Frederick Verisopht, or Mrs. Skewton and Major Bagstock, gave their attention to écarté or piquet. Cribbage was a favourite game with Dickens at Doughty Street, and had also a devotee in Dick Swiveller who taught the game to the Marchioness, as well as Mrs. Mapleson and Mr. Calton in *Sketches by Boz* (The Boarding House). Of course, vingt-et-un must have a mention, as three hours were spent on it at Bob Sawyer's party. With whist, both long and short, and its rules and terminology Dickens was very familiar, or he could never have written so amusingly of the card-table at the Bath Assembly when Mr. Pickwick was so nervous and Miss Bolo was reduced to tears.

OF dancing Dickens was especially fond, although of the ballroom variety he knew very little. We only read of country dances, especially Sir Roger de Coverley, inherited doubtless from the Chatham days, and quadrilles, in addition to the hornpipe at that time in fashion as a solo dance for parties. It is only necessary to recall "The Dancing Academy" in *Sketches by Boz*, with Augustus Cooper being "shoved through the figures" of the quadrille and of Master Billsmethi's performance of the hornpipe "with a cheese-plate on his head" to ensure his steadiness. In *Bleak House* again it was mostly "figures" that were taught by Prince Turveydrop—and, of course, deportment—although there is a passing reference to a little boy practising a waltz

with a chair. At Fezziwig's ball it was Sir Roger de Coverley, and at Craggs's party in *The Battle of Life* it was country dancing that occupied the evening. Dickens had learned the hornpipe as a child, for he danced one in at the Hogarth's window a few months before he was married to Catherine, and in the Fleet Prison we read of the Zephyr " performing the most popular steps of a hornpipe in a slang and burlesque caricature of grace and lightness." At Devonshire Terrace Dickens did acquire, with John Leech, the steps of the polka and the schottische, but there is no reference to these in his novels. There is reason to believe that he knew also the minuet as he mentions having danced that sedate measure at Rockingham Castle as a prelude to " Up the Middle and Down Again."

As I have already pointed out, John Dickens, after the removal from Chatham, " struck a bad patch " and " had a thin time," with the consequence that young Charles's life in Camden Town must have been fairly humdrum (we know there were some miserable episodes), even at Christmas, and it was not till he was married that he could endeavour to put into practice and reproduce the early delights of his childhood.



THE Christmas and Epiphany seasons have always been closely linked together in the Church's teaching, and Twelfth Day (January 6th) is the traditional day for dismantling Christmas decorations, thus signifying the end of the festive season. Now it so happened that Dickens's first child and eldest son (hereinafter called Charley where necessary) was born on Twelfth Day, so it became his custom to put aside all work except correspondence during the holiday fortnight and to devote himself to the joys of hospitality.

Let us look over his shoulder as he sits in his study writing his letters and see how at Christmas time he endeavoured to recall the season's joys of his own boyhood. As early as 1838 we find him writing to Harley, the actor : " My wife begs me to say that we intend to have a few friends on Monday evening, January 7th, to celebrate our boy's birthday and our girl's christening, and that she hopes you will give us the light of your countenance." Sergeant Talfourd, Laman Blanchard and Dr. Quin received invitations for the same occasion, of which " quadrilles (a card game) and supper do form a part."

In January, 1841, he writes to Forster : " On the whole we were tremendous last night. . . . We had two very long Sir Roger de Coverleys and after supper about eight very good charades." A year later Forster records that " we had some days of enjoyment at the end of the year when Landor came up from Bath." Then Dickens tells Felton : " I have provided a magic lantern and divers other tremendous engines of that nature. . . . Forster and I have purchased between us the entire stock-in-trade of a conjurer, the practice and display of which is entrusted to me."

How youthful he remained at heart. At Christmas, 1844, Macready was touring America, and Dickens wrote to him on January 3rd : " Forster and I conjured bravely ; a plum-pudding was produced from an empty saucepan held over a blazing fire kindled in Stanfield's hat without damage to the lining ; a box of bran was changed into a guinea-pig which ran between my god-child's feet and was the cause of such a shrill uproar and clapping of hands that you might have heard it (and I dare say you did) in America ; three half-crowns being taken from Major Burns and put into a tumbler-glass before his eyes, did then

and there give jingling answers to the questions asked of them by me, and knew where you were and what you were doing to the unspeakable admiration of the whole assembly."

Sometimes, of course, it happened that Dickens could not spend Christmas in the bosom of his family, as so extremely busy a man was called away from home by the exigencies of his life. In 1846 he was in Paris, and Charley was away at school, and in 1847 he was in Glasgow. Christmas, 1855, was spent in Paris "with seven sons in the banquet hall of this apartment which would not make a very large warm bath."

The climax of this middle period of Dickens's life was probably the production of Wilkie Collins's play "The Frozen Deep," specially written for Charley's coming of age in 1858. The full story is too long to tell here, but it can be mentioned that Dickens devoted all his leisure time to it for full ten weeks before the performance.

Dickens's separation from his wife in May, 1858, made a difference, of course, in his domestic arrangements, and apparently for a year or two there were no celebrations at Christmas. Moreover, Charley had gone to live with his mother, so his birthday party on Twelfth Day ceased, but after 1860, when Dickens moved permanently to Gad's Hill Place, the annual family gatherings were resumed, with the sole exception of Christmas, 1867, when he was away on his second visit to the United States. It is of these later Christmases at Gad's Hill Place that Mamie writes so lovingly in her book *My Father as I recall him*. Mamie was only twenty-two and Georgina eleven years older, so the responsibilities mixed with the junketings of large parties must have given them little time for rest. But as they used to say in melodrama, we anticipate. Dickens's first Christmas at Gad's Hill must have been very quiet, as he was far from well in health, and on December 27th we find him at his office of *All the Year Round*, and writing the next day: "I am staying here alone, working, taking physic, and taking a stall at a theatre every night. On Boxing Night I was at Covent Garden. A dull pantomime."

From this time to the end of his life he was never really robust, but in spite of recurrent illness he did not lose his zest for Christmas family gatherings and festivities, as witness his correspondence: "My house is full to the throat at this time of the year"; "I shall be here till the end of Christmas week"; "I have arranged to be at home (he writes from Paris in 1862) among my family for a fortnight"; "The house is pervaded by boys, and every boy has (as usual) an unaccountable and awful power of producing himself in every part of the house at every moment, apparently in fourteen pairs of creaking boots." (His nerves must have been rather on edge that year.)

In 1863 H. F. Chorley gets his annual invitation in a characteristic note giving him the time of his arrival at Strood (Rochester Bridge) station, where "a majestic form will be descried in a Basket," that is, of course, his favourite basketwork carriage. A year later Dickens again did not feel quite "up to the mark" for he writes to Shirley Brooks on Christmas Eve: "The East Wind on the top of this hill would open an oyster." But at Christmas, 1866, he is in his usual spirits as the party on Christmas Eve indulged in "forfeit games and then Pool, for a billiard table has been added to the house," and on Boxing Day "I got up a quantity of footraces and rustic sports in my field . . . two thousand people . . . soldiers, sailors, navvies and labourers of all sorts." And he allowed the landlord of The Falstaff to have a drinking booth on the ground.

At Christmas, 1867, he was in America; the two last Christmases of his life were probably rather quietly celebrated, although as usual, "my house is full for this week and next," but "my boys are now all dispersed in South America, India and Australia except Charley

(married) and Harry." His daughter Kate was married and away from home, so he had only Mamie actually living with him in addition to Georgina Hogarth. In his comparative loneliness and with precarious health he would not feel in the mood for boisterous merry-making, but his last Christmas was certainly kept as near to his ideal as possible, and he received his annual present of game from his friend Joseph Sly, the proprietor of The King's Arms, Leicester. He was, however, much harassed by the multiplicity of his commitments, for, on Christmas Eve, he told Wills "I have been so put about by conflicting engagements—reading, writings, editings, Birmingham correspondence and other botherations . . . everything comes at once." Besides this, he was ill, and his foot was more than usually painful. Nevertheless he *would* have his family round him, although he was compelled to lie on a sofa. He would not be denied his share of the Christmas fun, and joined heartily in "The Memory Game," giving it all his attention and coping with its difficulties successfully when his turn arrived.

HAVE I succeeded in my endeavour to paint a picture of cheerfulness, of high spirits, of pleasure shared with others, of a respite however brief from the troubles and anxieties incident to life? If I have, it is due to study of the works of the great novelist, the great lover of English customs, whose feeling for the sacred ties of family and the inestimable value of real friendship and brotherly love impelled him throughout an all-too-short life to inculcate both by precept and example the doctrine that these virtues are especially sacred at Christmas-time, and that it is our duty, as well as a privilege, to give effect to the message of the Multitude of the Heavenly Host on that first Christmas morning: "On earth peace, goodwill toward men."

Decorate the home, carve the turkey, serve the holly-crowned pudding standing in its lake of flaming brandy, ladle out the punch, raise your glasses to Dickens's own Christmas toast:

"Here's to us all: GOD bless us!"

Some of the best of *Boz*

We all know Mr. J. B. Priestley as a keen student and discriminating admirer of Dickens and this selection* of twelve of the twenty-five "Scenes" that form part of the *Sketches by Boz* affords him the opportunity in his short introduction of presenting the youthful Dickens in one of those vivid thumbnail sketches of character at which he is so skilful. Dickens is no lay figure for Mr. Priestley; he comes to life.

These descriptions of London life a century ago shew that despite differences in manners and surroundings the Londoner, particularly the Cockney, is the same to-day as he was then. The choice of Cruikshank's etchings is equally discriminating and helpful and the reproductions are excellent. We are especially glad to see that labelled Public Dinners as it contains in the four leading stewards portraits of Chapman, Hall, Dickens, and Cruikshank himself.

Mr. Priestley calls his selection a "Christmas appetiser . . . before the great Dickensian feast," and we cordially welcome this little book, beautifully printed and attractively produced, and we couple with this commendation an earnest hope that the present paper shortage will soon pass away so that it will be possible in the near future to procure the greater feast of the complete *Sketches by Boz* of which this is a delightful "taster."—T. W. H.

* Scenes of London Life from *Sketches by Boz* by Charles Dickens, selected and introduced by J. B. Priestley, with thirteen illustrations by George Cruikshank. Pan Books Ltd., 4s. 6d.

SHOULD A BIOGRAPHER TELL?

The Story of Dickens's denunciation of Thomas Powell's Forgeries.*

By WILFRED PARTINGTON

continued from Vol. XLIII page 200.

IV

The self-imposed incarceration in Miles's Lunatic Asylum at Hoxton, and the succeeding voyage across the Atlantic, seem not only to have induced a new vigour and self-confidence in Thomas Powell, but to have inspired some ambitious plans—including the highly desirable one of beginning on a clean leaf of his life's record. After reaching New York he bustled about, and was soon among its newspaper editors. This was not difficult. Did he not come from England as a man of letters with published poems and plays to show? Had he not really fine credentials in the shape of letters and presentation books to him from the great authors of the old country? It was all very impressive; and so was Mr. Powell in person. The busy editors had no reason to look twice at some of those letters and book-inscriptions. Why should they doubt, even had there been similar material at hand for comparison?

Moreover, the dear fellow was doubly welcome to those New York editors already beginning to set the pace for the World's journalism. For he came with topical copy in his capacious pockets—personalia about Popular Persons in the form of short *Lives* of darling Dickens. Lord Galahad Tennyson, those romantic elopers the Brownings, the caustic Carlyle, and others. The "dear fellow?" Yes, truly a likeable man. His more or less "official" American biographer does not fail to give a snapshot picture of him, whatever else he omits. Here is the picture: it is sufficient to explain the success among the New Yorkers of the Old Englander.

> . . . He found time from his work, however, for hours of congenial companionship, and for conversation upon many subjects to which his friends never wearied of listening. In personal appearance he was the conventional bluff, hearty, and bulky Englishman of the John Bull type, and he retained his national characteristics through all the years of his association with Americans, living in the memories of his friends and associates as one of the liveliest and best-liked of the coterie of New York journalists and literary men that assembled regularly at the famous Pfaff's . . .

But Powell early blotted his new leaf in New York. After two-and-a-half years of retreat and asylum from the scenes of his London triumphs, and after the expense of his emigration, he was naturally low in funds, and he had resort again to his ingenuity with the pen. He forged a letter of credit for £250 on a Quebec firm in the name of Mr. John Allan, a partner in Chapman and Co., his former employers who had forgiven his enormities. This credit was negotiated through a Mr. J. G. Body of New York, who, on the strength of the great London House's name, promptly advanced the cash. The fraud was soon discovered (about July, 1849). Powell was taken before the New York "police"; but, as proper evidence that the letter of credit was a forgery could not there and then be produced, he was discharged. The evidence of the forgery was later supplied by Chapman and Co., in a Declaration: the document from which this summary of events is taken does not, however, carry the legal proceedings further. Perhaps they were dropped. Whether they were not reported in the New York Press and remained unknown to its editors, or alternatively, whether they were explained

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away by the bluff hearty, John Bull, the facts are that he continued to be accepted at his own generous valuation. The *New York Tribune* and its associate *New York Evening Post* gave him laudatory notices, the latter beginning the publication of his biographical and critical sketch of Charles Dickens. It was one of thirty-eight such sketches in Powell's first American book, then printing, that was to be issued the same year under the title *The Living Authors of England* (1849) and republished in Britain in 1851 with some of the minor subjects omitted. And with the serialisation in the *New York Evening Post*, which quickly reached Dickens, were laid charges of a highly explosive nature.

Powell's sketch of Dickens is of some importance because it is written from first-hand knowledge and also because it contains early and contemporary criticisms which later were to be applied to the novelist, even by admirers of his work. Some of the critic's literary estimates lose their effect by their antithesis : as when he compares his subject with Thackeray, who " never loses his temper or his judgment, Dickens often does." But this excellent point is surely turned in favour of the author of *Oliver Twist* when it is added ; " Both scourge the offender, but the first [*i.e.*, Thackeray] does it from liking the office, and the other because he is angry and thinks the culprit deserves it." Powell's judgment of his man may be summed up in the comment : " If this estimate be correct, it necessarily places the author of *Pickwick* in the second class of literature."

But the sketch is most interesting, and to an extent valuable, when it engraves a portrait of " our distinguished countryman." We are shown Mr. Dickens " in private life " as good-tempered and hospitable. His eye " is hazel " (a subject on which there has been much controversy). He is " a very gay dresser," and " as fond of rings and gold chains as a Mosaic Jew . . . and is reported to live not too wisely, but too well." An amusing story retailed from Dickens's dinner table is followed by these biting strokes of the graver : ' Notwithstanding his apparent theoretical sympathy with the lower classes, he pays an absurd deference to men of rank, and thinks no dinner table complete without a lord, or a very rich merchant or banker. This has been decidedly injurious to his writings ; it has cramped his hand and " checked the thunder in mid-volley." '

It is, however, more especially my next and final selection from Powell's sketch which is remarkable, and which caused explosions on both sides of the Atlantic. As we have seen, Dickens was beginning *Dombey and Son* in 1846, when he heard from Thomas Chapman of Powell's first frauds on the House. The publication of the novel in the usual monthly parts began in October of the same year, and ended in April, 1848. They came in the nick of time for Powell to notice that the hero of Mr. Dickens's last novel ' is well-known as intended to represent a shipowner and merchant " not a hundred miles " from Leadenhall Street, in whose office a relative of the novelist is clerk.'

Then this follows.

> . . . When the first number appeared the likeness was readily recognised by this wealthy merchant's relatives, and he was christened Dombey on the spot, and he himself was not averse to the " high distinction of being the hero of a work by so popular a writer as Mr. Dickens " ; we ourselves have seen him blandly smile as the allusion has been made in his hearing ; but as the work proceeded, and the heartless mercenary character of a London merchant was unfolded, his face grew tragically dismal at the slightest reference to what had formerly fed his pride !
>
> . . . We cannot help in this place remarking, that when Mr. Dickens commenced *Dombey* he stated to several that, in his new work, it was his intention to expose the arrogance and pride of every English merchant, with an eye to the correction of those notorious vices. It is evident to all

that he either lacked the courage or the power to achieve so great and praiseworthy an object. It has resulted in the miserable failure of grossly libelling and caricaturing one person, and thus narrowing a great public object to a private end. Had the castigator of the Yorkshire schoolmasters, the paid magistrates, the impostor architects, the dandy milliners, and the grinding usurers, possessed the nerve to teach the arrogant merchants of London that their clerks and dependents were worthy better treatment than they receive at the hands of their Egyptian taskmasters, Mr. Dickens might have secured a fame which is fast fading away under his new dispensation of writing ; but this narrowing of an originally fine and broad-viewed mind will always happen when an author deserts the manly code of his early years, and transforms himself into the companion of fashionable dandies, literary lords [*] and heartless millionaires.

V

What with "Mr. Dickens's" novel and now this man Powell's terrible identification of its chief character, the pride of Thomas Chapman must have been finally humbled almost as abjectly as was Dombey's when his beautiful and haughty wife eloped with the reptilian Carker—ran away from HIM, the head of the great house of Dombey and Son. That earlier matter of the frauds had been hushed up : the loss written off silently, however bitterly. But these awful revelations were now for the world and his wife to read and laugh over.

In the Dickens ménage at Devonshire Terrace, itself beginning to grow uncomfortable, the Powell gunpowder exploded with more violent effects, for it blew up not only the novelist's complacency, but also his rather sympathetic attitude to the forger. It was bad enough to have it bruited about in Britain (where the Lord God of Snobbery kinged it alongside Queen Victoria) that he, Dickens, the champion of the poor and oppressed, pandered to men of title and wealth. But that he should be branded a snob over there—there in the new Republic of Equality (more or less)—where his writings were getting so popular, was intolerable. Also, there was that awkward identification of his influential friend Chapman with Dombey, and its pendent charge of faithlessness to declared principles. These Powellisings got under Dickens's skin, which was not so tough as his muscles. He also would do some exploding. To parody his own playful boast to Powell, it was a case of "when we doos fight, we fights for the K.O., Sir." And from the moment Powell's biographical broadside was poured into London, Dickens determined on the K.O.—to knock Thomas Powell out of American society. *The Battle of Life* (new version) was on.

The novelist threw himself into the battle furiously and with all his energy. The course he decided on was a campaign to denounce Powell and expose his forgeries—or at least those Dickens knew of ; for the more interesting ones were then unknown. He began with a letter (20th October, 1849) to Chapman, "My dear Sir," saying that as a cheap edition of *American Notes* was just in preparation :

> . . . I hope you will see no objection to my instancing in a new Preface this fellow's connection with an American newspaper as a striking proof of the justice of the estimation in which I hold that Press, and to my setting forth his history in the plainest possible terms. I think such an unmitigated villain should be denounced, and I know that it would go all over the States instantly . . . .

But *American Notes* came out without any such history of the villain in its new preface. In the absence of Chapman's reply, the inescapable inference is that he disapproved of the suggestion—a decision in keeping with his attitude throughout. It may or may not be significant that so far as is known, Dickens's correspondence with Chapman practically ceased with this letter.

[* A reference to Dickens's partiality for that peculiar person Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton.]

Dickens was not to be baulked. What he was deterred (immediately, that is) from doing in print, he did in script; writing to American correspondents to describe in forthright terms Powell's career, and suggesting the dissemination of the details. At least two editors of English newspapers were in likewise circularised. Of the letters to America, one is that to L. Gaylord Clark, previously mentioned and now given here: firstly because it has never been printed in any collection of Dickens's correspondence (not even in the Nonesuch Edition of 1937-8); and secondly, to amplify the story already outlined:

> . . . But I have another piece of news for you—I am going to give you a serious caution, respecting a man who has been, and possibly may yet be in New York and who I think very likely to have fallen in your way. I learn from a brother of mine that one of your newspapers (I think it is called *The New York Evening Post*) has been PUFFING a Mr. Thomas Powell, an English literary gentleman, and publishing a life of me by that eminent individual purporting to be a part of some forthcoming book, which is from beginning to end, one intact and complete lie. I think Mr. Powell a very likely man indeed to form a ready connection with the American Press. He is a forger and a thief. He was managing clerk to an eminent merchant's house in the City of London, and during a series of years forged and altered cheques until he had defrauded them to the extent of thousands of pounds.
>
> His robberies being discovered one day, he took up his hat, went to a chemist, bought some laudanum, walked off to a warm bath and was found in it insensible. I don't know whether he took enough laudanum to kill himself, but I should say he was careful to keep on the safe side—he was recovered and forgiven by the gentleman whom he had robbed—dismissed of course, but not prosecuted. They were tender of his wife and family. After some months' endurance of the misery and shame of his position, he was taken up at Croydon (ten miles from London) for passing several forged cheques to divers tradespeople in that neighbourhood; was stated to the magistrate to be mad; and was actually confined for some time in a lunatic asylum that the prosecution against him might not go on.
>
> From the lunatic asylum he found his way to New York. He arrived there with a forged letter of recommendation to credit purporting to come from a partner in the very house he had robbed and drew two bills upon that gentleman (cashed in New York) which of course have been protested and returned. The very same house, to whose moderation he is indebted for not working in chains in Norfolk Island at [? this] instant, is of course the subject of his blackest ingratitude and is libelled in all sorts of ways in his aforesaid life of me.
>
> Before his character was discovered he wrote some plays—one dedicated to me—by pushing which he got into the houses of certain literary men, and among others into mine, where he once dined, I am sorry to say. I know his late employers well, and tell you this story with the full and complete personal knowledge of its truth in every particular. Indeed, it is under-stated. You are at liberty to make any use of this communicaton that you think proper. I am responsible for its truth, and think your American readers will do well to consider whom they trust to sometimes.
>
> Ever, my dear Clark, faithfully yours,
>
> Charles Dickens.
>
> Devonshire Terrace, Oct. 22, 1849.

When the above letter appeared in the *New York Tribune* Powell rose on his massive legs and fought back hard. First, he put the gentleman who published Dickens's letter into prison, as its writer plaintively informed Alexander Ireland (24 December, 1849). Next, he began proceedings against Dickens for libel, claiming two thousand pounds.

The unfortunate journalist to be imprisoned was perhaps Gaylord Clark himself, his identity does not emerge from the dossier before me. But when the staggering news reached London, and later there came a letter of advice from " one of the first lawyers in New York " telling

Dickens what he *must* do and do quickly, the novelist acted with speed and resolution to save the horrid situation. The Battle of Life had become a Battle of Liberty. What would they say of him in the States when it became known that an innocent American citizen had been thrown into prison on account of Charles Dickens. And in the result he produced what book-collectors, bibliographers, and rare-book dealers, have not realised all these years, is the rarest of Dickens's first editions.

What, of course, was wanted, both to release the imprisoned victim and to counter the threat of a libel action was Proof—testimony in some quickly sendable and legally acceptable form that would substantiate the public denunciation of Powell: for it must be remembered that no judicial proceedings had decided his guilt, however provable it may have been. Dickens's first step was to write to Chapman and Co. the following formal letter, which also has never appeared in any collection of his correspondence:

Devonshire Terrace,
Thursday, 13th December, 1849.

Dear Sirs,

I beg to call your attention to the accompanying extract, cut from an American newspaper called the "New York Tribune," in which, in a letter to Mr. Clark of New York, I describe Mr. Thomas Powell as "a Forger and a Thief"; and I entreat the favour of your informing me whether he was employed in your house many years, and whether you detected him, at last, in any proceedings which justify that description.

I also beg you to state to me, if you can, when certain criminal charges were preferred against him before the Magistrates at Croydon.

Dear Sirs, Faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens.

Messrs. John Chapman & Co.

The House duly supplied the required Declaration, affirming *inter-alia* the description as "too painfully true." Our novelist-turned-attorney also wrote for a statement from Dr. Southwood Smith (famed for his sanitary reforms) who had obligingly assisted to find Powell asylum from the hands of Police Inspector Shaw. The statement said: "I understood that serious charges were preferred against him . . . but I most sincerely regarded him as a subject more fit for the lunatic asylum than the prison. I wrote a certificate to that effect, and in consequence of that certificate the charges were not persisted in, but he was taken to the lunatic asylum." The naïveté of that statement was equalled by Powell's when, including the doctor in *The Living Authors of England*, he said: "His good offices are always at the disposal of his friends."

Dickens next added to his indictment a report from *The Times* of 10 January, 1849, of the medical and legal manœuvrings by which Powell avoided appearing before the magistrates, who were highly incredulous, declaring that they were not satisfied that the defendant's condition was "occasioned by the act of God," but that by the use of opium and other means he had brought on his present condition to evade justice. This Dickensian indictment concluded with the correspondence between Chapman & Co., and J. G. Body, revealing Powell's fraud in New York.

VI

These documents Dickens rushed to his printers, who type-set them over the household words of their imprint "Bradbury and Evans" in a large quarto pamphlet of four fully-covered pages. It had no title-page, but bore at the head of p. [1]

(PROOF.)

[PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.]

Concerning this pamphlet, a not unimportant digression from the story ought to be made. The printing was recorded by John C. Eckel of Philadelphia in his Dickens Bibliography (1913), which for all its shortcomings, so common to a pioneering effort in such a difficult field, has been paid the deserved tribute of much usage. The copy he described, though too carelessly and with inadequate appreciation of its status, came from the library of Harry B. Smith, the American book-collector. It was one Dickens had sent to Charles Kent, editor of the London newspaper *The Sun*, with a covering letter which spoke of it as " a Proof I have had privately printed." The bibliographer, after hazarding that it was the only copy known, added " which leads to the supposition that it was the only copy printed " —a conclusion slightly qualified to " it may have been the only copy printed " in his 1932 edition.

This supposition is fantastic. Ignoring the implication in the covering letter, Eckel seems to have been misled by the wording at the head of the pamphlet and to have considered the printing as a solitary proof or printer's pull. But disregarding the odd and meaningless brackets (which are probably a compositor's error in the haste with which the job was done) the word *Proof* is Dickens's title for the printing—meaning *Proof of Thomas Powell's Forgeries*, or some such wording. For in these four large, close-printed pages was in truth substantiation of the charges: and the facts here marshalled show beyond question that there was actually an edition privately printed mainly for America to meet the two crises there. Dickens himself said so in the above letter to Kent that should be read in conjunction with the one to Alexander Ireland, editor of the *Manchester Examiner*, above mentioned. His words to the latter, after referring to the denunciation in New York, are " . . . having but one day before the sailing of the last steamer to collect the proofs printed on the accompanying sheet [*i.e.*, the pamphlet folded after printing to make four pages] . . . I got them together in short time and sent them out to justify the character I gave him."

There were at least half-a-dozen persons in New York alone who would need copies; and Dickens, with his knowledge of legal process, doubtless added sufficient duplicates. We have seen him giving out copies to two English editors and there were others in London (Thomas Chapman, John Allan, and himself, particularly) who would wish to have specimens by them—at least until the trouble was settled. Thus the pamphlet had to be printed in the limited edition normal with such things. And somewhere in both America and England copies of this the rarest item of Dickensiana and worth perhaps more than its weight in diamonds, may still be lurking in musty legal offices and long unopened deed-boxes.

VII

On the result of the dispatch to America of copies of the precious pamphlet, my Powell dossier throws no light. It is a reasonable surmise that the gentleman in jail was speedily released. Maybe he found solace, even glory, in his unexpected and probably not too painful martyrdom in the cause of Truth and Charles Dickens. As for the threatened libel action, that certainly never materialized. The bluff, hearty John Bull could only have been bluffing. And Dickens successfully called his bluff. But he failed to deliver the knock-out.

(PROOF.)

[PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.]

COPY OF A LETTER FROM MR. CHARLES DICKENS TO MESSRS. JOHN CHAPMAN AND CO., MERCHANTS, 2, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON.

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,
Thursday, 13th December, 1849.

DEAR SIRS,

I beg to call your attention to the accompanying extract, cut from an American newspaper called the "New York Tribune," in which, in a letter to Mr. Clark of New York, I describe MR. THOMAS POWELL as "a Forger and a Thief;" and I entreat the favour of your informing me whether he was employed in your house many years, and whether you detected him, at last, in any proceedings which justify that description.

I also beg you to state to me, if you can, when certain criminal charges were preferred against him before the Magistrates at Crovdon.

Dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

MESSRS. JOHN CHAPMAN & Co. (Signed) CHARLES DICKENS.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM MESSRS. JOHN CHAPMAN AND CO., MERCHANTS, IN REPLY TO THE FOREGOING.

LONDON, 2, LEADENHALL STREET,
December 13th, 1849.

SIR,

In reply to your letter of this date, inquiring whether the description you gave of our late Clerk, Mr. THOMAS POWELL, in the American newspaper called the "New York Tribune," wherein you describe him as a "forger and a thief," be correct:—

We beg to inform you that it is too painfully true, we having detected him in a series of frauds, effected both by forgery and peculation, to a large amount.

His examination before the Croydon Magistrates referred to acts committed by him subsequently to his being dismissed from our employment.

We are, Sir,

Your obedient Servants,

CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ. (Signed) JOHN CHAPMAN & Co.

Page [1] of Dickens's four-page quarto pamphlet which he himself said he had privately printed.

The only mystery that remains (and even equally long researches in New York might not solve it now) is how Thomas Powell's reputation survived all the ugly scandal. It did, however: the biographer (and provoker !) of *The Living Authors of England* went on from one journalistic and literary success to another, becoming the esteemed —even the adored—of his wide circle in the United States, until his death in 1877: when, according to Eckel, he committed suicide. If the last statement is correct, it is another fact omitted from the notices of him in American "official" biographies.

When Chapman disclosed the first of Powell's financial frauds, Dickens was Christlike towards the robber, and rather crusty towards the robbed. It was the biographical sketch and identification of the Dombey original that set him on his campaign of denunciation. But however sincere Powell may have been in the purely literary estimate of his subject, there was unmistakable hostility, an underlying motive of retaliation, in his personal criticisms; and Dickens was entitled to defend himself. Whether the method he chose had the approval of his mentor John Forster we do not know. And the fact that the biographer is silent about all these momentous proceedings—the very stuff of biography—may be his commentary on the issue.

But it was not only Forster who was silent about the Dickens-Powell affair. The American biographers of Thomas Powell have been equally dumb. The first "official" notice appeared in *Appleton's Encyclopedia of American Biography* (1887-9); and the latest in *The Dictionary of American Biography* (1935), the latter being the longer and more personal, containing the word-portrait already quoted. In neither of them is there any word or hint of the extraordinary events here related.

The object of dictionaries and encyclopedias of biographies is not only to bring together in one organized work succinct records gathered from a large and scattered mass of lives, memoirs, autobiographies, histories, etc., but to make each record an accurate statement of all essential and relevant facts presented impersonally and impartially. The legal proceedings against Powell, both in New York and in London, and also Dickens's public denunciation, were factual and extremely relevant matters which the biographers could reasonably and fairly have recorded as such. Moreover, there had been publicity, some of it wide, in the Press; so that silence concerning the matters could hardly be due to ignorance on the part of the biographers, who have kept the picture pretty, but not true to life. And that there was in the case of Thomas Powell particular reason why not only the truth, but the whole truth, should be stated will be apparent from consideration of another and even obscurer phase of his career.

For his ingenuity in penmanship was not limited to the forgeries by which he robbed Chapman and others. It was employed in the production of literary frauds—particularly faked "association" books, purporting to have belonged to famous authors and bearing alleged signatures and inscriptions by them and also spurious manuscript pieces of verse. There are several reasons for believing it unlikely that these latter activities of Powell were within the knowledge of Dickens at the time of his campaign of denunciation, if he ever knew of them at all.

But they became known to Robert Browning, whose poem *Gold Hair* first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1864, whence it may have been taken for the highly-suspect printing by Thomas J. Wise, who has assured himself immortality as the forger of the Nineteenth Century pamphlets, and who also began his career with a London merchant and insinuated himself into the favour of well-known authors. Browning was an early, if not the first, exposer of the literary frauds of Thomas Powell.

Eckel refers to the existence of a set of proof-sheets of one of Powell's books of verse corrected by Browning, who, it is said, came to regret the acquaintance, burning all their correspondence, and writing to a friend "None of your Powells inspecting my bowells." Browning was also deceived into writing an introductory essay for the spurious Shelley letters fabricated by George Gordon Byron, alias De Gibler, who once operated in the States, and who claimed to be the illegitimate son of Lord Byron by a countess with the appropriate name of "De Luna." What with Powell and De Gibler, Robert Browning, not unnaturally, came to be somewhat wary (but not wary enough for the wiles of Wise) in the matter of autographs and manuscripts and facsimile printings. And when, in the 'eighties, one Walter B. Slater, a London business man and book-collector, was doubtful about some autographs of the poet himself and of Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, etc., in a volume he possessed, his shy letter of enquiry greatly interested Browning, who replied (6 November, 1886):

19 Warwick Crescent, London, W.

Dear Mr. Slater,

I remember your existence—as also your kindness—very well indeed, and will answer your questions to the best of my ability.

The book which I return is an example of the practices of Thomas Powell, its original owner, which consisted in affecting to forge, in sport, the signatures of his acquaintances in order to subsequently induce the belief, when his serious forgeries should be discovered, that he was simply a monomaniac on the matter of an irresistible itch at imitating other folks' writing—which he did only too adroitly, as the Mercantile Firm which employed him found by experience. The signatures in the present case are very like indeed—although with, to my eye, a discernible difference—a slight one, certainly. He was well acquainted with all the persons supposed to have written on the fly-leaf, and had letters, &c. from each of them. My own hand writing has, no doubt, changed somewhat in the course of years and at the time when I knew Powell, much resembled what you see intended for it. He was forced to fly the country, thereby avoiding the punishment he richly deserved—and he may still be alive for aught I know. He at once, on arriving in America, wrote a description of his "literary friends." This I never saw, but was assured, at the time, that it was a sort of revenge on every one of them for being of good repute—a tissue of lies, in short. This precious farrago was referred to, in *The Academy*, a short while since, as containing "notable information respecting my wife which deserved the notice it had not found in the article just out in the new *Biographical Dictionary*:" the fact being that he never saw her in his life, nor had any other means of informing himself than by what he could glean from her correspondence with Mr. Horne, on purely literary subjects. Dickens exposed the poor fellow at the time—myself was abroad. Thus you have all I can well communicate on a disagreeable subject.

By the way, the last letter I ever received from Powell, with whom I had ceased to hold intercourse, was impudently written throughout as if by the brother of Dickens, Henry [sic], long since dead—that is, since that time.

Believe me, dear Mr. Slater,

Yours very sincerely Robert Browning.

This letter passed into the possession of Thomas J. Wise—who at the height of his success rode the book-collecting world like a dictator, was lauded as a Sherlock Holmes of bibliography, and lost no opportunity in his catalogues of expressing indignation at the rascality of literary forgers, pirates, and book-fakers. His notes appended to the Ashley Library Catalogue entry of Powell's *Living Authors of England* clearly had their origin (though the fact is disguised and misrepresented by Wise) in Browning's letter—however much or little it may have been amplified verbally by the poet; with whom, as well as with

Swinburne and other authors, Wise was not nearly so intimate as he pretended to be.

He was wont, in talk with friends and acquaintances, to boast of the investigations he had made into inks and holographs. That laborious research may originally have been undertaken for a purpose distinct from aiding him in his great and creditable acquisition of nineteenth-century manuscripts and letters. But at any rate, it accounts for the authority of his writings on the subject, of which this specimen from his notes on Powell's book has more than illustrative interest :

> . . . Robert Browning once told me, upon an occasion when I shewed and begged him either to verify or repudiate a volume containing his alleged inscription, that Powell had borrowed among other books of substantial value, his copies of the original edition of *Pauline* and the Pisa *Adonais*, and had sold both . . . The autographs of Wordsworth, Tennyson, Leigh Hunt, Robert Browning, and Carlyle he [Powell] reproduced with —in his own view—remarkable success. But when attempting to imitate the handwriting of Shelley, Keats, Byron, and Dickens the result was failure. But books with even these names are occasionally passed as genuine . . . Characteristic examples of Powell's attempts at manufacturing spurious rarities may be seen upon pages 29 and 31 of *Ventures in Book Collecting* by William Harris Arnold [of New York]. The autographs of Keats and Shelley there reproduced are both forgeries.

It seems largely due to Browning originally and (ironically enough) Wise subsequently that the name of Thomas Powell has become familiar among some of the better-informed experts in rare books and MSS. But it is doubtful whether the total or the range of his spurious productions have been even approximately assessed ; for there are people who prefer to close their shutters and keep out the light of Truth and knowledge immediately anything turns up which calls for investigation and exposure.

There are probably more specimens of Powell's calligraphic misdeeds scattered among prized collections in the United States than in Britain. It is when the phase of his career which produced them comes to be considered that we realise the seriousness of the omission of known facts, however unpleasant to the picture, from the encyclopædic records of the man. It is only fair to the writers of these " official " biographies to presume that they were unaware of his literary frauds, which have been slower in coming to light than his financial forgeries, though of far more lasting effect. But that is precisely why the true facts of his career, as far as they were known, needed to be given ; so that librarians, bookmen, researchers and many other consultants, should be on their guard.

And the answer to the proposition advanced in the early part of this study, on the illustrations presented, is surely that a biographer should tell—and tell in the letter and spirit of the stern old English oath " without fear or favour, affection or ill-will."

A Technical Hitch

By J. H. McNULTY

STEPHEN MARKQUICK, clerk, *litterateur* and very minor poet, often felt he had narrowly escaped being famous. His name, as readers of Forster may remember, was invented by Dickens but not used. The story in which it was to appear was never written. He remembered his delight at finding his name in Forster. He had even thought of cultivating any little eccentricity he possessed so that he might be thought a Dickens character in real life, since he could not be one in fiction. Some of his more candid friends remarked that no cultivation was necessary ; at any rate he dismissed the idea as too fantastic.

One Christmas Eve Stephen was returning home rather tired after a day's work made heavier by the approaching holiday.

He intended spending a quiet evening with his books, for to-morrow a joyous meeting with old friends and a family gathering would allow him little leisure. However, after his evening meal he felt too tired for any serious occupation, so he opened the novel he was reading and turned on the wireless. He guessed that neither the novel nor the radio would demand any mental effort. If the programme was unusually poor, he would read, if the novel was worse than he expected he would listen. If neither attracted him he would divide between them the little attention he was prepared to give.

As he turned the knob he heard the voice of the announcer introducing " In Town To-night " :

" Once more we hush the mighty roar of London's traffic to bring you some of the interesting people who are . . ." Then the voice ceased and there was silence.

After a short pause another voice began : " As this is Christmas Eve we have brought together in the studio a number of persons most of whom are, in one way or another, associated with the Festive Season. The first is Mr. Gabriel Grub :

" Good evening, Mr. Grub, this is, I believe, your first appearance in our programme. Indeed, it is many years since you have appeared in public at all. I am sure our listeners will be delighted to hear you. I hope you are keeping in good health in these days of difficulty."

" Very well indeed, except for rheumatism, from which I've suffered ever since an adventure I had some years ago. It was, on the whole, a fortunate affair, which left me in some ways much better than I was before. Rheumatism is the price I've had to pay, but it was worth it."

" You are not a teetotaller, I believe, Mr. Grub."

" Not at all, but I've lost my taste for Hollands, which used to be my favourite drink, and I no longer like drinking alone, I prefer to have company. I also like my spirits cold or only slightly warm. After the fiery draughts given me by the goblins, I dislike anything at all hot."

" And now, Mr. Grub, let me ask you another question. I am sure our listeners would like to know the name of the village where your adventure took place."

" That, Mr. Announcer, would, I fear, be indiscreet, but I will give you a hint. It is somewhere in the Home Counties not more than a hundred miles from London. It is an old abbey town. There is one thing might help you to identify it, the gates of the churchyard are locked every night at sundown. They don't want anyone else to spend the night among the graves. I'd like to help you further, but ours is a

very secluded town and the inhabitants don't want it to become a show place, with conducted parties being shown round and trying to identify the exact spot where the goblins carried me off."

" Well, thank you very much, Mr. Grub, for your help, but remember our listeners are very intelligent people, so don't be surprised if they do discover your secluded village and some conducted party—I should say some party of well-conducted persons—does find its way there. Good night, Mr. Grub, and thank you very much."

" Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Jack Bamber.

" Good evening, Mr. Bamber, I believe you are a great authority on the comedies, tragedies and ghosts of the Inns of Courts."

" Yes, you're right there, you will find few people who know as much about them as I do. You may talk about your German Universities, your Borley Rectories. They're nothing to these Inns for mysteries, tragedies and ghosts."

" Mr. Bamber, you used to tell some very good stories about these Inns. Some of them have been published. Do you think you could tell our listeners a new one."

" It won't be new, I can assure you, it's bound to be old, but it hasn't been told before. I call it *Broken Crockery*. I've borrowed the title from a story that was never written. It's the case of a young man, a very lively young man he was too, who took a set of chambers that had been empty for some years. Everything was in decent order and after some slight renovation he moved in and waited for work. He didn't have long to wait, work came, not too much, but enough to keep him going, but there was something wrong with the rooms, especially at night. A cold current of air would sweep through them, sometimes with a sound like a sigh, sometimes without, but always accompanied with the sound of breaking china. The noise appeared to come from an old cabinet in a corner of the sitting room. It was empty but had probably been used for showing glass, china or silver. At last he could stand it no longer and cried out, 'What the devil is it ?'

" 'It's only me,' said a voice—ghost's grammar is often faulty—'I used to occupy these rooms many years ago.'

" 'Well, I occupy them now,' said the new tenant, 'what do you want ?'

" 'I was here for several years,' said the ghost, 'waiting for work which never came, ever growing poorer and poorer. I pawned everything of value I possessed except a valuable tea set. It was lovely china, but at last I made up my mind to part with it, for I was desperate. I had eaten next to nothing all day and it was bitterly cold. In the evening after dusk I took the pieces of china from the cabinet over there, wrapped them up carefully, intending to take them to a friendly pawnbroker, to whom I had already paid several visits. As I opened the door a sudden gust of wind swept up the stairs, blowing the door violently against me and I fell. The china I was holding was smashed and my last hope destroyed. The prospect was one of disgrace and ruin. I must have fainted, for when I came to I was in hospital. I lingered there for several weeks and then the end came.'

" 'It's a very sad story,' said the tenant, 'and I'm sorry for you. But tell me why do you and your friends always come at night and at midnight too, when all sensible people wish to go to sleep. No earthly visitor would be welcome at such an hour, and much less one of your sort. Why don't you come by day ?'

" 'You wouldn't see us in daylight,' said the apparition.

" 'I should see you and see through you too,' replied the tenant.

" 'Of course you would, we're transparent,' answered the ghost, not noticing the implied insult. Ghosts are rather dull you know.

" ' Why do you make the horrid noise of breaking crockery ? '

" ' I don't make it,' said the ghost, ' but I'm always thinking of the crash the china made when I dropped it and my last hope was gone. We cannot hide our thoughts as you can. I like to come and look at that old cabinet where my treasures lay.'

" ' If that is what brings you back,' cried the tenant, ' I'll soon settle it,' and picking up the poker he struck several fierce blows at the piece of ancient furniture. A cloud of dust filled the air and, as it cleared, he saw he was alone, but the room had become icy cold. He lighted the fire for he was shivering and, despite his brave demeanour, it was not entirely due to the low temperature. He was no more troubled by unpleasant visitors."

" Well, good night, Mr. Bamber, and thank you for your story."

" We have now great pleasure in introducing Mr. Toby Veck."

" We are all very pleased to meet you Mr. Veck. You used to be, I know, very active. How did you come here to-night—bus or train ? "

" Neither, I walked."

" No, no, Mr. Veck, not walked, surely. You always used to trot. Hence your nickname, ' Trotty,' by which, perhaps, I should have introduced you."

" I'm older now and walking is more in keeping with my advanced age."

" Do you know, Mr. Veck, when we read of your tripe dinners we used to pity you, now we envy you ! "

" It was very good tripe, anyone might have envied me."

" Didn't it disagree with you ? "

" Yes, I had a horrid dream, but it may not have been the tripe."

" Do you find things much altered since you first appeared in public. Mr. Veck ? "

" Not so much as you'd think. You may remember the lines Lady Bowley had set to music :

> ' O let us love our occupations,
> Bless the squire and his relations,
> Live upon our daily rations,
> And always know our proper stations.'

Some of us do love our occupations, we're not much troubled by the squire and his relations, we all have to try and live on our daily rations, though it's rather difficult, and now that the blackout is lifted we do know our proper stations, though during the war we often alighted at the wrong ones."

" What has become of your friends, Mr. Veck ? "

" Alderman Cute, Mr. Filer, and Sir John Bowley have disappeared. I don't know where they've gone to."

" And Will Fern, what about him, Mr. Veck ? "

" Oh, Will Fern became a Member of Parliament and held a minor post in the first Labour Government."

" Thank you for your very interesting talk. Good bye."

" Our last visitor to-night is the great Mr. Pickwick."

" Mr. Pickwick, it is a great honour to have you in the studio. Our listeners will be delighted. You don't look a day older, not a day ! "

" As I am supposed to be immortal, I ought not to, I suppose."

" Do you find London much changed ? "

" Rather damaged, of course, but it's not so bad as I expected. Many buildings have been destroyed, but many that I loved were demolished before the war to make room for what are called modern

improvements. I was very pleased to pick some wild flowers in the city itself. I was astonished and delighted at this."

"Do you still travel about the country, Mr. Pickwick?"

"Yes, but I avoid all the main roads. The white gleaming roads of England have gone, I fear, for ever. I choose small, badly-made roads, wandering, rough and unfrequented ones. The badness of the road is the price of peace."

"There is one question, Mr. Pickwick, to which our listeners would love to have an answer: Where exactly is Dingley Dell?"

"I am sorry I cannot tell you where it is, but I can tell you the best way to get there.

"I don't know exactly where it is for I always drove there and didn't notice the route. The only time I walked was the unfortunate occasion when the horses bolted and we were forced to walk, and we did walk for hours, leading one of the unruly beasts. We must have taken the wrong road, for the journey seemed interminable.

"The best way to get to Dingley Dell is to take the train to Rochester and ask Mr. Wardle to meet you at the station."

"Thank you, Mr. Pickwick, I hope your advice will be of assistance to our listeners. One more question, if you please. How do you manage to keep Christmas in these difficult times?"

"I do keep it and fairly well considering everything. Things are not quite so bad as people think. Although we're so poor yet the holly still has its rubies and the mistletoe its pearls, the diamonds of frost are as bright as ever, and sunrise and sunset have lost none of their ancient splendour. Our drink is of rather low quality, but we keep our spirits high, and though the whole world is in confusion our hearts are in the right place, at least we think they are, so it's not so bad after all."

"Good night, Mr. Pickwick, and a Merry Christmas to you."

"The same to you and many of them and to all those who have been listening to us. Good night."

. . . . . .

There was silence for a moment, then the announcer was heard once more:

"We must apologise to listeners to the Home Service for a breakdown in transmission from 8-1 to 8-30 owing to a technical hitch."

"So that's what they call it," said Markquick. "Now it's my turn," and going to his desk he sat down and wrote the following lines:

"In a Library."

HERE they all stand, the tried and true,
In burnish'd gold or dusky gray,
In russet brown or pearly blue
Or tender green of March or May.
In Spring does Pickwick lead the way
Where many a reader onward wends.
He leads us where the sunbeams stay.
Here are the ever faithful friends.

When great winds all the woods bestrew
With withered leaf and broken spray,
When Autumn's old and Winter's due
A gale with Pecksniff tries to play
And throws him where the dead leaves lay.
Or read this book where humour blends
With grief—the tragic "law's delay."
Here are the ever faithful friends.

Here our lost youth we may renew
Where love and laughter rise to slay
Life's dragons, and where dreams come true.
And when we come to Christmas Day
We read those Tales both grave and gay
Where Dickens ghost and phantom sends
To mend those lives gone far astray.
Here are the ever faithful friends.

ENVOI

Books, whose fair wisdom sends a ray
Of hope when bitter sorrow rends
Our hearts, your friendship won't betray.
You are the ever faithful friends.

PIP AT OXFORD

Academic, hidebound Oxford, where one mentions the name of Dickens almost in a whisper, where, despite the past efforts of the present writer, no branch of the Fellowship exists, this City of Spires and hub of the arts and sciences, gave a surprisingly enthusiastic reception to the Alec Guinness adaptation from *Great Expectations* when it was recently presented to packed audiences by the Oxford Repertory Players at the Playhouse.

The Playhouse at Oxford has been the testing-ground of many famous stars, and if we did not see in the cast of this play anyone who could, at this stage, be hailed as an aspirant to the giddy heights of theatrical stardom (except, possibly, that excellent teen-age actress, Patricia Gilder, who played Estella, both as the girl and the young woman), we did witness a very sound performance and one in which a high standard of uniformly good acting was attained.

This ambitious production was in the extremely capable hands of Frank Shelley, author of the recently-published and highly successful controversial book, *Stage and Screen*, and its excellent settings were designed by Hutchinson Scott, those of the churchyard and Miss Havisham's house being particularly fine.

One missed, in Mr. Guinness's version, that period in Pip's adult life—not a pleasant period—during which he showed himself an insufferable young prig, but John Moffatt made a great success of what was left to him. I have already mentioned Patricia Gilder as Estella; we saw all too little of her as a girl, but the cruel sham of the adult Estella was admirably emphasised. John McKelvey gave a powerful performance as Jaggers. The Joe Gargery of Charles Rowe moved us just as much as the vinegary behaviour of Molly Tupper as Mrs. Joe repelled us. Alastair Bannerman as Herbert Pocket had a lot to say and said it well even though it amounted to nothing in the end.

But of all the major rôles the most outstanding was the Magwitch of Ewart Wheeler, a masterly performance, the stark realism of which terrified the audience almost as much as it did the unfortunate Pip. Dorothy Dewhurst as Miss Havisham was convincing in her sincerity and completely won our sympathy, while the natural unselfconsciousness of Malcolm Sommers as the boy Pip was matched only by the charm of Jillian Palmer as Biddy and Stella Andrew as Clara Barley. Peter Burton as Mr. Wopsle, Raymond Somerville as Mr. Pumblechook and James Gate as Compeyson, completed a talented company and a most creditable production.

LOUIS B. FREWER.

As we go to press we learn of another production of Mr. Guiness's version of *Great Expectations* at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. It was pronounced to be a great success by the press—EDITOR.

NOTES ON THE *PICKWICK PAPERS*

By T. W. HILL

Apologia

NOTES on the *Pickwick Papers* may seem a work of supererogation, for this unique book is probably the most annotated novel in the history of literature. Its origin, its puzzling chronology, its amusing inconsistencies, its complete picture of the social conditions, manners and customs connected with travel before the era of railways, the racy dialogue full of phrases that without being actual slang are part of the natural speech of the ordinary citizen—all have been commented upon in books, pamphlets, dictionaries, indexes almost without number, and not the least in the pages of *The Dickensian* from its first volume to the present day.

With these considerations in mind, it is hoped that the Notes which follow will be found useful to those to whom other commentaries are not available, and it is possible that some small points hitherto unnoticed may be found interesting.

Introduction

Much use is made by Dickens of his extensive acquaintance with road travelling, the persons who used the roads, the inns and the conveyances, in the many allusions to the coachmen, guards, postillions, stable-hands, bagmen (the cant term for commercial travellers) and other passengers bent on business or pleasure. The variety of conveyances named is evidence of his familiarity. His own testimony is: "I do verily believe that I have been upset in almost every description of vehicle known in this country," and more than two dozen are included in the narrative. Each is noted in its place. Another noteworthy feature is the record of the male costumes of the period: no less than fifty of the characters have their clothes described; no detailed references are given in the Notes as they are self-explanatory.

The Notes, the purpose of which is elucidation only, owe most of their value to the investigations of previous workers in this inexhaustible field of enquiry, and no hesitation has been shewn in using the results of the labour of others, to whom is here offered a great sense of obligation and gratitude. Of the Editor's kindly encouragement and help this is all too poor an acknowledgement.

The text of a first edition (1837) of the book, which had two chapters numbered XXVIII, has been used throughout, but the chapter numbers of these Notes are those of later editions (see Note to Chapter XXIX.)

Chapter I

1. THAT THIS ASSOCIATION. The whole of this chapter is a skit on the British Association, which had been founded in 1832, and had already been the butt of Dickens's fun in the "Mudfog Papers" in Bentley's Miscellany, of which he was the first editor; in drafting this resolution he must have had this in mind or he would have written "That the Pickwick Club . . ." or "That this Club . . ."

2. ADVANCEMENT OF KNOWLEDGE. A reflection on the full title of "The British Association for the Advancement of Science."

3. HIS SWING. A topical touch. During a period of bad feeling among agricultural labourers against the introduction of machinery (1830-1833) threats signed "Swing" were sent to landlords or farmers that their threshing machines would be destroyed and their ricks burned down. Percy FitzGerald points out how apt was Pickwick's allusion: men's praise acted as his Swing, and philanthropy stepped in as his insurance office to cover him. (See also Chapter VII, note 4.)

4. STAGE COACHES WERE UPSETTING. Dickens, by recent experience, as a reporter, knew into what bad condition the country roads had fallen. Several passages in "The Road goes On," an anthology compiled by C. W. Scott-Giles (1947) confirm Mr. Pickwick's remark. In 1703, on a journey from Windsor to Petworth, the passengers "did not get out of our coaches (save only when we were overturned or stuck fast in the mire) . . . we were thrown but once indeed, in going, but our coach . . . would have suffered very much if the nimble boors of Sussex had not frequently poised it and supported it with their shoulders . . ." Arthur Young warned travellers in the North of England in 1771 that "they will meet here with ruts which I actually measured four feet deep and floating with mud only from a wet summer; what therefore must it be after a winter?"

5. BOILERS WERE BURSTING. At this point came Mr. Blotton's interruption "NO." But Mr. Pickwick was right; it was a period of much development, and many experiments with the newly introduced mechanical machinery driven by steam power; boilers *were* bursting very often with serious results to the daring experimenters.

CHAPTER II

1. GOSWELL STREET. Now Goswell Road, leading from City Road to the Angel, Islington.

2. ST. MARTIN-LE-GRAND. A street joining Cheapside to Aldersgate Street, on the site of a Collegiate Church and Sanctuary founded in 750. The church was pulled down in 1548 when the College was surrendered to the Crown; the site is now covered by the General Post Office, erected in 1825.

3. CAB, SIR. Cab is an English contraction of the French cabriolet, any covered carriage plying for hire. It was introduced in London in 1805. Seymour's illustration is better than a written description: it will be noted that the driver's seat is beside that of the passenger and has no protection from the weather. This type became obsolete soon after 1830, when a cab was introduced having seats for two passengers facing each other and a door at the back, while the driver had his seat above. In 1836 this was superseded by the well-known covered cab patented by Hansom, with a seat facing forwards for two passengers, and the driver in a dickey above: at the same time a four-wheeled cab to seat four fares appeared and became the "growler" familiar to our parents.

4. GOLDEN CROSS. This coaching inn stood near the spot now occupied by the Nelson column. It was pulled down in 1830 when Trafalgar Square was laid out, and re-erected in 1832 further to the east, and finally demolished in 1931.

5. ONLY A BOB'S WORTH. From Cheapside to Charing Cross is about one-and-a-quarter miles: not a dear ride by modern standards.

6. ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN. Never say die: down on your luck, pull him up, put that in his pipe. A good example of Dickens's use of popular sayings.

7. STOCK. The stock was a wide scarf worn as a cravat by men; it was often passed twice round the neck and finished in front in a neat bow. The collar attached to the shirt was soft and unstarched and only showed its points above the stock. Many examples of the fashion can be seen in portraits of the period.

8. SCANTY BLACK TROUSERS. Scanty here means tightly fitting as well as short in the legs; strapped very tightly under the boots.

9. GREEN JEMMY. Mr. Winkle's green shooting coat. Jemmy is a diminutive of James and signifies familiarity.

10. COMMODORE. Most of the coaches bore names, and the custom survived when omnibuses came on to the roads.

11. WHITEHALL. Jingle's name for Inigo Jones's Banqueting House, the only part completed of a projected palace.

12. MARS BY DAY, APOLLO BY NIGHT. Jingle was summing up in his staccato fashion the fighting during the day, followed by singing and general rejoicing after nightfall, Mars being the God of War, and Apollo the God of Song and Music.

13. BULL INN. At Rochester: still little altered from what it was in Pickwick's time. The description in the text is surprisingly accurate.

14. WRIGHT'S. Next door. The inn was formerly known as The Crown, but has since been rebuilt. The name Wright is still legible on the river front.

15. WAY OF THE SUN. That is from right to left, the usual direction in which the bottle was passed: the button-holes on male costumes are also on the left side.

16. GROWN-UP BACCHUS. Bacchus, the God of Wine, is usually represented as clothed, or rather draped, with vine tendrils and leaves, and sitting astride a cask. In *David Copperfield* there is an illustration by Phiz of little David purchasing a "glass of the genuine stunning ale" in a public house with a small figure of Bacchus in the window.

17. DRAGON (CALLED BY COURTESY A WOMAN). The George and Dragon is on the obverse of a sovereign; on a penny it is a figure of Britannia (a woman). It is also called the tail of the coin as it is the opposite of the head (of the monarch) which occupies the other side.

18. LETTERS "P.C." In *The Times* of February 1st, 1944, it was pointed out that in 1814 was founded the Pugilistic Club, with a club uniform consisting of a blue coat and yellow kerseymere waistcoat having buttons engraved "P.C." It is a coincidence that the Pickwick Club coat, designed by the sportsman of the party, Mr. Winkle, was a bright blue.

19. PAIR OF ALEXANDER SELKIRKS. Selkirk was a Scotch sailor marooned on the island of Juan Fernandez from 1704 to 1709. Cowper wrote a poem called "Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk," the first lines of which run:

> "I am monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute."

Selkirk's story is said to have suggested the Robinson Crusoe (1719) of Defoe.

20. NIGHT-CAPS. Everyone, men as well as women, wore night-caps at that period. They had been worn certainly from Tudor times and doubtless some covering for the head at night was desirable, if not necessary, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when heavy wigs were fashionable.

21. FORT PITT. This building, named in honour of the great Prime Minister who guided England during the Napoleonic wars, has long ceased to be used for military purposes, and is now used as a hospital.

22. TWOPENNY POSTMAN. *Pickwick Papers* was written before the introduction of the Penny Post in 1840. The Twopenny Post was a local post for London, Edinburgh and Dublin. In London it functioned within a radius of ten miles from the General Post Office: the remainder of the country was served by the General Post, with rates commencing at 4*d*. and increasing according to the mileage. The Twopenny Postman of the three capital cities wore a blue frock coat to distinguish them from the General Postmen (see Chapter XV, Note 10).

23. AS READILY. This is a facetious dig at a little privilege enjoyed by the postman supplementing his small wage by occasionally collecting letters, for one penny each after post-office hours (the General Post Office closed at 5 o'clock p.m.). He rang a bell to announce his approach. This privilege was swept away by the Penny Post in 1840.

24. TWO NEWSPAPERS. Before the introduction of breech-load firearms, the powder was first dropped down the barrel by the muzzle, then a wad of paper was pushed down with a ramrod, and finally the bullet or shot inserted. Two newspapers seems a liberal allowance for a duel: perhaps Snodgrass imagined the battle was to be a prolonged affair requiring several loadings.

CHAPTER III

1. BLACK-EYED SUSAN. Douglas Jerrold's play "Black-eyed Susan, or All in the Downs" had been produced a few years before the publication of *Pickwick*. Here is one of the little inconsistencies in the book: the date of the play was 1829: the book opens in 1827.

2. DANCE OF DEATH. A series of engravings by Hans Holbein (1538) showing that whatever man's circumstances Death in the form of a skeleton accompanies him everywhere; there is no escape.

3. PLAYING IN THE LAST PIECE. The usual theatrical programme consisted at each performance of at least three plays, the last of which was generally a farce.

4. THINLY SCATTERED OIL-LAMPS. Gas-lighting for London streets did not become general till about 1825.

5. ENLIGHTENED THE WORLD IF NOT THE THAMES. An oblique reference to the old saying about setting the Thames on fire.

6. ROCHESTER THEATRE. This was not closed till 1884. It was not unusual for amateur actors to engage a few professionals to "stiffen" the company: Dickens himself did it with his gifted troupe of amateurs in their performances for charity, and during his American tour in 1842 he acted at Montreal with a mixed cast of professionals and officers of the Coldstream Guards.

CHAPTER IV

1. NEW RIVER HEAD. The terminal reservoir in Islington of the New River constructed by Sir Hugh Myddelton in the seventeenth century to supply water from Amwell, Herts.

2. THE LINES. The large open space adjacent to Chatham barracks: it gets its name probably from the fact that for drill and parade purposes there is sufficient room to manoeuvre troops drawn up in line formation as well as in column.

3. GLAZED STOCKS. The stocks are the stiff uncomfortable collars of the military tunics: they are often made of patent leather, giving them a glazed and shining appearance. No wonder the troops had their eyes fixed to the front in "mysterious solemnity."

4. SALLY PORT. Correctly an opening in the glacis of a fortress from which the garrison can sally forth to attack a besieging enemy. Dickens here apparently means the fortified gate of the barracks from which the troops came on to the Lines for the review.

5. BAROUCHE. A four-wheeled carriage with a top capable of being folded back, an outside seat for a driver and a footman, and two seats inside each for two passengers. Mr. Wardle's barouche must have been an extraordinary specimen, as it had already five inside passengers (a tight fit) when the four Pickwickians came up. "Room for you all."

6. MAGNIFIED MOPS. The proper use of these swabs was to clean the bores of the gun-barrels; the ramming down of the charge was done with a ramrod. They are mentioned in Victor Hugo's story "Ninety Three": "He took the swab and rammer himself, loaded the piece, sighted it, and fired."

7. HIGH CRIME AND MISDEMEANOUR. High here means extreme, intense, in a great degree. Blackstone defines a crime as a misdemeanour incurring punishment; a high crime and misdemeanour is therefore an offence of so serious a nature as to merit a severe penalty.

CHAPTER V

1. THE OLD BRIDGE. This was a few yards south of the present structure, which was erected in 1859. When the old bridge was demolished one of the balusters was presented to Dickens, who set it up in his garden at Gad's Hill Place to support a sun-dial: some of the others can still be seen in the esplanade by Rochester Castle.

2. POST-CHAISE. A closed carriage drawn by relays of horses, hired for each trip between stations (inns) or posts. Hence the post-boys who either drove the vehicle or rode postillion.

3. PERSONATION. The correct meaning of "personation" is "counterfeiting falsely," and it is legally a "felony punishable with two years' imprisonment." The word, as given in the first edition, was repeated in the first cheap (1847) and later editions; some modern editions have "impersonation." It would have been better to have written "the very personification."

4. SHAMPOO'D . . . WITH A HEAVY CLOTHES-BRUSH. The Hindustani word chāmpnā means to knead and press the muscles to relieve fatigue (Hobson-Jobson); also to rub vigorously, and this is what the manservant did to Mr. Winkle's clothes. It is also used in this sense in *Dombey and Son*, Chapter VIII, where Miss Pankey, one of Mrs. Pipchin's boarders, "a mild little blue-eyed morsel of a child, was shampooed every morning, and seemed in danger of being rubbed away altogether."

5. WELCOME TO MANOR FARM. The exact situation and the original from which Dingley Dell are drawn have never been satisfactorily settled. All the data are given in Chapter VII, note 6, and Chapter IX, note 6. Phiz's illustration to Chapter XXX does not give much assistance and is apparently

drawn from the verbal description in the text. Several places have been suggested, but the Manor Farm appears to be the first of those composite pictures of which Dickens is such a master. It probably never existed outside Dickens's imagination, and is intended to be only a typical Kentish farmhouse, with typical English hospitality and family life.

Chapter VI

1. BROUGHT UP IN THE WAY SHE SHOULD GO. A neat application of the Scriptural injunction : " Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it " (Prov. xxii, 6).

2. SAMPLERS . . . The samplers, worked in silk or cotton, were framed. Berlin wool or worsted landscapes were worked upon fire-screens.

3. POPE JOAN AND WHIST. Pope Joan is a round game for any number of players, with cards and a circular tray something like a roulette-board. The modern game of whist is scored a little differently from the old game, but it may be said that Dickens was a past master in all forms of indoor amusement and uses all the correct terms in his description of the game, both here and in Chapter XXXV.

4. FISH AND FLATTERY. The counters, made of bone, ivory or mother-of-pearl, used for scoring in games, got their name from the French word *fiche*, a pin or peg. They are usually small circular discs, but sometimes they are shaped like fish, complete with scale-markings, probably from association with their French name.

5. SPINSTER AUNT GOT " MATRIMONY." This is one of the calls in Pope Joan, and signifies that the player has the King and Queen of trumps.

6. BLAZING FIRE. Even in May the fire " appeared as cordial as if it were Christmas " (see previous chapter).

Chapter VII

1. COWS ON THE CHIMNEY POTS. Cow is a Kentish variant of cowl, a hood or cover. It is local dialect, and Dickens may have heard it as a boy. It is included in Pegge's *Kenticisms* (1736).

2. BOTH GUNS LIKE . . . ROBINSON CRUSOE. In Defoe's novel Crusoe usually carried a fowling piece and a pistol.

3. INFANT LAMBERT. Sam was referring to Daniel Lambert (1770-1809), who at forty years of age weighed 53 stones.

4. DISTRESS OF THE AGRICULTURAL INTEREST. A topical touch, as it was at this period that the condition of labourers in England was very unhappy, and serious disturbances had occurred in 1830. (See Chapter I, note 3.)

5. THROW SOME COLD WATER OVER HER. The robustious Wardle had little patience with his sister's hysterical attacks. In Chapter X, when Rachel's feelings again overcame her, he said : "A *glass* of water ? Bring a bucket and throw it all over her."

6. MUGGLETON. Much discussion, so far without satisfactory result, has arisen concerning the identity of this ancient and loyal borough. All that is certain is that it is two miles from Dingley Dell (Chapter VII), which is fifteen miles from Rochester (Chapter V), and is therefore probably about thirty miles from London (See Chapter IX, note 6.)

7. NOTCH IN HERE. Notch simply means " keep the score." It comes from the original method of counting in days of illiteracy, cutting notches in a stick or tally.

8. STOPPING AT THE CROWN. No one will know where Jingle put up until the identity of Muggleton is established.

9. DEVILISH GOOD DINNER. The party had already had a hearty meal in the marquee during the afternoon.

10. WE WON'T GO HOME TILL MORNING. This refrain has become so popular that it is often forgotten that originally it formed the chorus of a song, " Brave boys, let's all be jolly " (see *Dickensian*, 1930). J. B. Buckstone recalls the phrase in his play " Billy Taylor " :

> " On such an occasion as this,
> All time and nonsense scorning,
> Nothing shall come amiss
> And we won't go home till morning." (Act I, Sc. 2.)

Chapter VIII

1. LEFT ARM OF THE YOUTH. Why is Tupman here called a youth? It is evident that he was much older than either Winkle or Snodgrass: he was of "mature years," "time and feeding had expanded that once romantic form" (Chapter I); "a grown-up Bacchus" (Chapter II); "he was too old and too fat to dress up as a bandit" (Chapter XV).

2. MAN IS FIRE AND WOMAN TOW. This quotation is from Fielding's novel, *Tom Jones*. The same sentiment is expressed by Pope: "There's danger in assembling fire and tow" (*The Wife of Bath*, her Prologue).

3. LOVES ANOTHER. A convention of the delicately brought-up female in Victorian times. It is the constant theme of the contemporary song-writers: here is an instance from "Alice Gray" by W. Mee:

> "She's all my fancy painted her,
> She's lovely, she's divine;
> But her heart it is another's;
> She never can be mine."

But it is as old as Shakespeare: "My Lady is unkind . . . She loves another" (Twelfth Night, act iv, sc. 2), and Fielding also uses it: "Reason dictates to me to quit all thoughts of a woman who places her affections upon another . . . I mean the injustice of endeavouring to supplant another." (Tom Jones).

4. HE'LL CUT YOU. Cut, meaning refusal to recognize, is not very old and dates only from the late eighteenth century. About 1820 the expressions "the cut-direct" and the "dead cut" came into use.

Chapter IX

1. IN A PO'CHAY. That is a post-chaise. See Chapter V, note 2.

2. JUMPED INTO THE GIG. A gig is a two-wheeled, rather lightly-built vehicle, without a hood, and drawn by one horse. Tom Smart's "neck-or-nothing sort of gig" (Chapter XIV) was capable of facing any condition of road or weather.

3. CHAISE AND FOUR. A chaise was a light carriage with a folding hood, and either two or four wheels; it was drawn by one or by two horses. Mr. Wardle demanded four horses, as he was in a great hurry. He did not really mean a chaise, and the Blue Lion actually provided him with a coach as in the illustration. Jingle, also in a hurry, had four horses to his conveyance.

4. FIFTEEN MILES. See note 6 below.

5. PULLING UP THE STEPS. The steps of a coach were so made that they could be put up from outside by a footman, or pulled up from inside by the passenger and folded flat. (See also Chapter XLIV, note 5.)

6. RAYTHER BETTER THAN SIX MILE. This, together with the other distances given, permits a guess at the distance of Dingley Dell from London:

Dingley Dell to Muggleton	2	miles
First stage	7	,,
Second stage	15	,,
Final walk	6	,,
Total	30	miles

Chapter X

1. VERACIOUS LEGENDS. The legends connected with old London Bridge might well start with the history of John Overs, the ferryman who plied across the river before the bridge was built.

2. WHITE HART. An historic galleried inn that survived till 1889. Its site is marked by a small turning, White Hart Yard. Two balusters from one of the old galleries are preserved at the Dickens House.

3. JACK KETCH. The generic name for the public executioner in England, derived from John Ketch, the hangman from 1663 to 1686. Among his victims were Lord William Russell, beheaded in 1683, and the Duke of Monmouth, beheaded in 1685.

4. AMIABLE MR. WARREN. Amiable is probably sardonic, as Dickens was very unhappy while he was at Warren's warehouse as a boy of eleven.

5. DAY AND MARTIN'S. This famous firm was established by George Day and Henry Martin in 1770 at No. 97 High Holborn, using the figure 97 very prominently on the facade of their building and also on all their trade

labels and advertisements. The building in High Holborn was demolished in 1890, and the firm amalgamated with another well-known blacking manufacturers, Carr and Son (established 1837) and moved to a northern suburb. Carr and Day and Martin Ltd. still use blacking bottles of the same design as that known to the boy Dickens, and they still give prominence to the old figure 97.

6. DOCTORS' COMMONS . . . PROCTORS. The best account of the practice at Doctors' Commons, although in a light vein, is in *David Copperfield*, Chapter XXIII, in which David resolves to become a proctor. Doctors' Commons was demolished in 1867 when the whole system was incorporated in the High Court of Justice at that time at Westminster. One of the *Sketches by Boz* is devoted to Doctors' Commons.

7. TAME MONKEY BEHIND A HORGAN. The old-time organ-grinders, mostly of Italian origin, swarthy of visage, wearing green sugar-loaf hats decorated with a small feather, and often with large gold (?) rings in their ears, were accompanied by a doleful-looking and bad-tempered monkey wrapped in a tiny cloak or cape. It used to be averred that most of these miserable little animals died in the English winter from chest complaints.

8. BELLE SAVAGE. A coaching inn on Ludgate Hill dating certainly from the fifteenth century and probably earlier. It was demolished in 1873, and the publishing house of Cassells erected on the site. The premises were destroyed by the enemy during World War II. The sign La Belle Sauvage is said to be derived from its landlady, Mrs. Isabel Savage, mentioned by John Stow (1598).

9. IN HURRY POST-HASTE. The first two lines of a song in "Tom Thumb," a play adapted by Kane O'Hara (1722-82) from Fielding's burlesque of the same name.

10. BOROUGH MARKET. Originally a street market in Borough High Street, established by Royal Charter in the sixteenth century. It was transferred to its present position in 1756, and since that date has been considerably enlarged, and now covers about three acres.

11. MY ELDEST BROTHER. Sam's facetious replies to Perker's cross-examination must not be taken too seriously. There is no record of Sam's father ever having more than one child: he told Mr. Pickwick, "I wos married . . . and Sammy wos the consekens o' the manoover" (Chapter LVI).

12. AMICUS CURIA. Latin for "a friend of the court," an adviser with no personal interest in the case.

13. AD CAPTANDUM. Latin for "to attract or please."

14. BARNWELL AND ——. According to Percy FitzGerald Perker was about to quote from Barnewall and Adolphus's King's Bench Reports, but Sam, mishearing the name from Perker's rapid pronunciation, struck in "Never mind George Barnwell."

15. GEORGE BARNWELL. A play by George Lillo in which the hero, an apprentice, is enticed by a fellow-servant, a young woman, to murder his uncle, a crime for which both he and his paramour were executed. Hence Sam's reference to the "young 'ooman." Thomas Haynes Bayly, in a semi-humorous poem "All hail to Thee, hoary December," has this allusion to the popular play:

> "O, come with George Barnwell and Millwood
> A drama of practical force,
> Which, were we disposed to do ill, would
> Soon make us good people of course.
> Young Barnwell, the author alleges,
> Got rid of his money too fast,
> And, bothered with pawnbrokers' pledges,
> He murdered his *uncle* at last!" (stanza vi.)

16. DREW OUT A SOVEREIGN. This coin, which had been superseded by the guinea in 1664, became current once more in 1817, when the guinea as a coin was abolished.

17. BRING A BUCKET. See following note.

18. HYSTERICS. The common name for a mild form of hysteria, often simulated, in temperamental women, especially if unduly excited by opposition to their wishes or whims. Such attacks involving copious tears (sometimes real), shrieks, laughter, drumming of the heels on the floor, waving of the arms, and prostration, enlisted the sympathies of female friends who

administered sal volatile, smelling salts, scent, cold water, and sometimes brandy and water until the sobbing and other symptoms subsided. Mrs. Pott is another victim in Chapter XVII, and so is Mrs. Varden in *Barnaby Rudge*. Perhaps Mr. Wardle's cure was as good as any. It should be added that Hysteria proper is a serious nervous disorder and should be treated by a medical man.

19. BETWEEN YOU AND I. A common error for "Between you and me." A reversal of the pronouns easily reveals the error, 'Between I and you."

CHAPTER XI

1. PORTER'S KNOT. A pad made of twisted or knotted rope (hence its name) worn by porters to protect the shoulders and back and spread the weight while carrying heavy or cumbersome loads.

2. OPEN PARK WITH AN ANCIENT HALL. This was Cobham Park with Cobham Hall, the seat of the Earl of Darnley.

3. LEATHER BOTTLE. This old inn still flourishes, although its appearance is slightly different from that of Dickens's time. About twenty years ago an outer covering of stucco was removed revealing the picturesque original timber frame work. And, of course, the modern inn sign, with its portrait of Mr. Pickwick was not in position for Mr. Tupman to see. The original leather bottle sign is preserved indoors. The parlour where Tracy sought physical balm for his mental sufferings is still proudly shewn to visitors.

4. THERE IS AN INSCRIPTION. There are in the book three instances of Dickens's fun at the expense of antiquaries and learned societies. The meeting of the Pickwick Club in Chapter I, the discovery of this inscription, and the mysterious light that baffled Pruffle at Clifton in Chapter XXXIX. Scott, in *The Antiquary* (1816) had used an inscription on a stone for a like humorous episode. In 1779 a stone was unearthed in a quarry near Paris bearing an inscription :

It was sent to the Louvre and after baffling Professors and others for some time, had its secret revealed by the Beadle at Montmartre : "Ici le Chemin des ânes," meaning "Here is the road to be taken by the asses [employed in transporting the stones taken from the quarry]."

5. SHE LOVED ANOTHER. See Chapter VIII, note 3.

6. PROUD TO HAVE ME HERE, TO SHOW. The patients at Bethlem Hospital were at one time exhibited to the public like wild beasts. "I saw a hundred spectators making sport of the miserable inhabitants, provoking them into furies of rage" (1753).

7. CONVENED ON THE NIGHT SUCCEEDING. It must have been rather quick work for Mr. Pickwick to instruct the secretary of the Club to summon all the members to a meeting within twenty-four hours : it was manifestly a very important occasion.

8. MR. BLOTTON. He was acting the same part in this story as Edie Ochiltree in Scott's *Antiquary*, mentioned in note 4 above.

9. HUNG UP IN THE CLUB ROOM. In the first edition, and also in the 1847 Cheap Edition, this paragraph concludes : "—which portrait, by the by, he did *not* wish to have destroyed when he grew a few years older." Percy Fitzgerald says this was topical at the time it was written and refers to a portrait by Maclise of Sir John Soane for the Literary Fund Board Room. It did not please Sir John, and a friend cut it to pieces. The incident was gradually forgotten, so, when Dickens revised the text in later years he deleted the sentence.

To be continued.

A BOND OF JOY

By RUTH WHITTAKER

YES, *I* was a Bond of Joy. Happily, in my case, there was more joy than bond, but still I hold Dickens responsible. For surely it was Dickens, more than anyone else, who inspired our parents and grandparents with their highly developed sense of social responsibility.

It was thrust upon me from the start. As a baby in arms I, who loathed being dandled, was dandled on the knee of a prickly-tweedy, bearded old man who was, I now know, Keir Hardie. Myself, of course, oblivious of the honour. I hope I did not dribble.

From the beginning, too, the social conscience was a disturbing element in my surroundings. I would be billeted for long hours on my grandmother, while the enthusiastic young socialists who were my parents went off to *Clarion* rallies and open air meetings. Soon I was, alas, no longer left at home, but taken too, an anything but thirsty swallow, and obliged to stand in indecently public places shifting with boredom and tiredness from one foot to another and peering up between people much taller than I at a cart hung with banners, from which someone (Mr. Gusher, I presume) exhorted his Comrades to fight for freedom. I have hated the word comrade ever since. Worse still, an active social conscience led to Mr. Gusher's return with us, afterwards, for supper, and bed, and I would be turned out of my bedroom and put into the "spare." I disliked the Mr. Gushers intensely, especially when they called my mother Sister.

Later, the family social conscience took a more Pardigglian turn (though without the Pardiggle flavour), for I remember one long cold winter when we got up before it was light every Sunday morning and walked four miles, not for matins prettily done (it was the fashion to be agnostic), but to join other social consciences in doling out pails of soup and cocoa to poor children, who must have gone home swimming. Later still, a Comrade had to go to prison for embezzling the local party funds, and we found a home for the youngest child, a most objectionable little girl, who brought a goat that bleated in distress all day long at the thought of the family dishonour. It was a large family, and used to come over and stay whenever it could, and soon took such possession of our home that our only refuge was the stable, which was stuffy.

All the same, I think Dickens was a little hard on the public worker. It's all very well just to be any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, but there are times when it is not enough ; it is lonely, uphill, unappreciated, and lacks the inspiration of being part of a crusade. And as Stevenson found, "it is not over the virtues of a curate-and-tea-party novel that people are abashed into high resolutions . . . the finest action is the better for a piece of purple." Besides, if Mrs. Jellyby had not encouraged the cultivation of the coffee-berry on the left bank of the Niger, and if Mrs. Pardiggle had not taken up the Tockahoopo Indians, we might still have been denied the common luxury of hot coffee for breakfast and mocassins. No. Edgar, your five and threepence was not lost in vain.

I don't remember envelopes in the gravy at our house, but we certainly shared Mrs. Jellyby's flair for correspondence and circulars. Whether all parties in their infancy break out into so many new publications and pamphlets, I do not know, but Father, in his youthful enthusiasm for the Cause, amassed hundreds of them, and whenever we moved, large bundles of *Labour Leaders* and *Labour Prophets* moved also. Homes might come and homes might go—and did, with some frequency, for alas, an acutely developed social conscience seems

to have a most unsettling effect on private life. (Mrs. Jellyby was not exceptional in this), but these expressions of social activity are cherished still. The bundles of newspapers—how large and ungainly they were then !—have naturally dwindled as the outer layers have fallen away. The topmost *Labour Leader* bears the tantalizing announcement, "Next week: Bernard Shaw," but next week has, of course, gone. Inside is a casual correspondent's query which seems worth thought: "With regard to the relative positions of men and women, have you noticed that middle class women suffer more than labouring and upper classes ?" And Julia Dawson's Answers to Correspondents . . . "Yes, by all means put long sleeves in the little garments. And be sure to send me a copy of *The Irish Democrat* if your husband decides on starting such a paper. I don't understand why your pickles went mouldy" . . . suggests that in the feminine half of the nineteenth century social conscience was on the whole more normal and homely than Dickens would have us believe.

The tracts and pamphlets are more interesting, and many echo the wrongs which Dickens uncovered in Miscellaneous Papers. Appalling facts are here gathered together about Housing for the Poor, Sweated Labour, Infant Mortality, Women's Wages. Tolstoy contributes "The Hanging Czar," Shaw leads off Revolutionary Reprints with "Anarchism versus Socialism"; someone else takes up Germany ("Look at Germany. Germany is a Menace. Germany's Army is Invincible.") Clergymen are frequent contributors on socialism and Christ's teaching. Stewart Headlam's "Christian Socialism" appeals particularly, and I would give much to share the belief with which he closes, "I believe in the life of the coming age." Alas, that age has come ! There is "A Corner in Flesh and Blood," and in the midst of many gory shrieks. a Mr. Ingersoll asks with pardonable anxiety, "What must I do to be saved ?" and another gentleman with misplaced optimism writes on "The Good Time Coming."

My own social conscience must have been an extremely sluggish affair to have slumbered in the midst of all this. It did wake up once, when an election came along, and I found I had a vote. Naturally, after all this, my sympathies were entirely conservative, but . . . Mother and Father, both ardent Labourites, were ill in bed and could not go to vote. My social conscience, pulling against my family one, was defeated, and I marched woefully off to cast the parental vote, not my own, feeling that I had betrayed my country. Yet Father, in spite of the excessive redness of his early views, unblushingly worked on newspapers which "ran" the conservative candidate. An elastic thing, conscience. In old age, he would sit poring over these relics of burnt-out fires, trying to rekindle them. But so far had he travelled from the heat of his youth that when our late King lay on his deathbed, Father sat with tearful face listening to the radio messages, and quaveringly said, "All my old friends are dying."

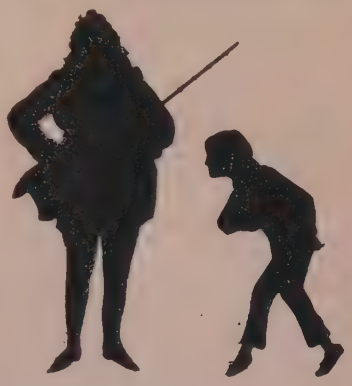
Trollope's Opinion

The boom in Trollope continues. Mr. Bradford A. Booth, Editor of the now apparently firmly established *Trollopian*, has edited a new edition of the *Autobiography* (Cambridge University Press, 21/-), which will be welcomed by the novelist's many new readers. It will interest Dickensians, although there is little direct reference to the novelist whose writings engage our attention. Trollope did not have a very high opinion of the work of his famous contemporary. In his view Dickens's characters are not human beings, but puppets with a charm which enabled their creator to dispense with human nature, and a drollery about them which is below the humour of Thackeray. Nor has he greater praise for Dickens's style which he says is "jerky, ungrammatical and created by himself in defiance of rules." L. C. S.

WHO WAS MR. TURVEYDROP?

By LIONEL STEVENSON

BLEAK HOUSE is one of the novels in which Dickens is known to have based several of the characters upon people whom he knew in real life. The identification of Boythorn with Landor and of Skimpole with Hunt was so easy as to cause embarrassment and unhappiness. Later came the recognition of Mrs. Rouncewell as a portrait of Dickens's own grandmother, housekeeper at Crewe Hall. Originals have been suggested also for such minor characters as Krook and Miss Flyte. The Jarndyce case and the tragedy of Gridley were based on careful study of Chancery cases, and even the amazing death of Krook was defended by its author by citation of evidence.



I suspect that a good many other characters might be found to bear close relationship with living beings, if the necessary clues could be obtained; and I am prepared to offer another identification—the original of the inimitable champion of Deportment, Mr. Turveydrop. Though he figures in only a few chapters, Mr. Turveydrop has won a place in that select group of Dickens's characters, including Bumble, Micawber, Uriah Heep, Mrs. Gamp, and Pecksniff, who so fully embodied particular idiosyncracies that their names have become accepted symbols for the traits. One is delighted, therefore, to be able to discover a real Mr. Turveydrop, complete in every essential, walking about Dickens's London under another name.

His personal history has been told by John Camden Hotten ("Theodore Taylor") in his book, *Thackeray, the Humourist and the Man of Letters*, which was published in 1864:

> "A little volume had been published in 1837, entitled 'My Book; or, the Anatomy of Conduct, by John Henry Skelton.' The writer of this absurd book had been a woollen draper in the neighbourhood of Regent Street. He had become possessed of the fixed idea that he was destined to become the instructor of mankind in the true art of etiquette. He gave parties to the best company whom he could induce to eat his dinners and assemble at his conversaziones, where his amiable delusion was the frequent subject of the jokes of his friends. Skelton, however, felt them little. He spent what fortune he had and brought himself to a position in which his fashionable acquaintances no longer troubled him with their attentions; but he did not cease to be, in his own estimation, a model of deportment. He husbanded his small resources, limiting himself to an humble dinner daily at a coffee house in the neighbourhood of his old home, where his perfectly-fitting dresscoat—for in this article he was still enabled to shine—his brown wig and dyed whiskers, his ample white cravat of the style of the Prince Regent's days, and his well-polished boots, were long destined to raise the character of the house on which he bestowed his patronage. In the days of his prosperity Skelton was understood among his acquaintances to be engaged on a work which should hand down to posterity the true code of etiquette—that body of unwritten law which regulated the society of the time of his favourite monarch." (Pages 55-56.)

Although fifteen years elapsed between the publication of Skelton's guide book to conduct and the writing of *Bleak House*, Skelton was still a familiar figure to Londoners. In 1855 he became known to

John Hollingshead, one of the young men who were writing for *Household Words*; and when Hollingshead wrote his reminiscences, forty years later, he retained a vivid recollection of the old dandy's appearance and behaviour:

> "My real 'house of call' was a little coffee shop in Warwick Street. . . This shop was known as 'Saunders's,' and the select frequenters appropriated the first-floor front room, until it became almost an offence for any stranger to be admitted. . . A Mr. Skelton was the character, and, I am ashamed to say, the butt of the room.
>
> "Skelton was a fresh-coloured, healthy man about seventy, always scrupulously dressed in black broadcloth with a large white Brummel cravat. He was always clothed ready for the Opera or a French Wedding. Skelton had been the 'King's Tailor'—the King being George the Fourth—and he was Georgian from the crown of his evident wig to the soles of his Hoby boots. He deplored the advent of cheap tailoring—the 'sixteen shilling trouser' and the 'registered paletôt' which had just made their appearance, and connected them with the worst forms af democracy and radicalism—the Free Trade heresy—and everything that was bad. He indulged in the most gloomy prognostications as to the future of England. He pitied people who had not sat under 'the finest gentleman in Europe,' when clothes, properly made, properly worn, high priced (and probably never paid for), marked the gentleman from the commoner. He was profoundly ignorant, but bold and self-assertive, with superficial Georgian polish that made his assumption of superiority amusing. He was very ceremonious, but his politeness, like the politeness of the French, was simply pantomimic, and his sympathies, like French sympathies, were equally parochial. He was intensely selfish. He was pampered with the best chop or steak, the best coffee, the best tea, the best watercresses, and the best bread and butter. The best seat had to be reserved for him, and it was understood, generally, that he condescended to use this humble coffee shop, and give a much-needed tone to it. When you came into the room, and took off your hat, he graciously said 'Be seated: be covered!' You felt that you were in the second-hand presence of royalty, when royalty was royalty, and did not wear pot-hats, and go to low burlesque theatres. He had little idea what true politeness really was, or what the character of a gentleman really meant. He was less a man than an inflation. As the 'King's tailor' he had failed for an enormous sum, in the double capacity of costumier and bill discounter, and he was supported by a member of his family whom he had been able to marry well in the days of his showy prosperity." (Vol. I, pages 92-93.)

Strangely enough, neither Hotten nor Hollingshead commented upon Skelton's resemblance to Turveydrop; but it is merely necessary to read their two descriptions in conjunction with chapter fourteen of *Bleak House* to recognize the fidelity of Dickens's portrait.

Anthony Trollope, it is true, suspected the resemblance, but he did not know enough about Skelton to realize its extent, and his recollection of the Turveydrop establishment was somewhat inaccurate. In his life of Thackeray he remarked of Skelton's book:

> We may presume . . . that it was intended to convey in print those invaluable lessons on deportment which, as Dickens has told us, were subsequently given by Mr. Turveydrop, in the academy kept by him for that purpose.

It might have been a sufficient claim upon immortality for Mr. Skelton to have been the unconscious model for a noteworthy character of a great novelist; but he has also another and more overt place in the history of English fiction. If he had not published his pretentious treatise on etiquette, Dickens's great rival, William Makepeace Thackeray, might never have discovered his literary forte and taken the first step towards fame.

In 1837, when Skelton's book came out, Thackeray had just been forced by financial disaster to adopt the career of a hack-writer in London. The editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, William Maginn, to whom

he had been generous in his prosperous days, was willing to employ him as a reviewer, and the first book that he received for review was Skelton's.

Ever since his school days Thackeray had been sarcastically ridiculing pretension, pomposity, social climbing—all the foibles that he summed up in the word "snobbishness." Skelton was such a superlative example of the vice that Thackeray decided to hold him up to contempt in a devastating caricature. Skelton revealed his deficiencies of education in many errors of English syntax; Skelton interlarded his discussion with trivial anecdotes intended to imply his intimacy with aristocrats; Skelton conceived conduct solely in terms of external display, showy dress, and solemn dignity. Thackeray decided that the best embodiment of all these attributes was a London footman, and so he created Charles Jeames Yellowplush to be the appropriate reviewer of the volume of "Fashnable Fax and Polite Annygoats."

Mr. Yellowplush proved to be much more than a device for satirizing Skelton. In his condescending pity for the solecisms of poor "Mr. Skeleton," the footman made so many acute comments, written in a phonetic spelling which reproduced Cockney pronunciation with amazing precision, that the readers of *Fraser's Magazine* clamoured for more. Thackeray therefore wrote a whole series of short stories, literary reviews, etc., in the character of Yellowplush, and in later years revived him more than once for further groups of sketches in *Punch*. In Yellowplush he found for the first time his *métier* in the creation of a character that was human as well as comic, through satire that was wise as well as mordant.

The eccentric bankrupt tailor, John Henry Skelton, appears therefore to have the unique distinction of having sat as a model for the two greatest English novelists of the Victorian era.

THE EARL OF LYTTON, K.G.

The Dickens Fellowship is but one of many public institutions that mourn the loss of Lord Lytton whose death occurred on October 25th. The grandson of Dickens's great contemporary and friend: as a Vice-President of the Fellowship he was greatly interested in its work. When the Nonesuch Edition of Dickens's Letters was planned he readily afforded facilities for the printing of a great number of hitherto unpublished letters addressed to his grandfather. He was a gracious personality and a compelling speaker as members of the Fellowship well know for he spoke at the celebrated Descendants of the Dickens Circle Dinner on February 7th, 1939, and on occasion he personally received a party of members at Knebworth. He is seen here on one such day, in June, 1938, in converse with the late Walter Dexter and others.

Photo] [L.C.S.

THE *CHRISTMAS STORIES* IN FRENCH DRESS

By T. S. LASCELLES

THOSE persons who care little or nothing for Dickens's works, those even who profess to dislike them and their author as well, in most cases will be found to agree so far with the lover of such things as to admit that Dickens was deeply attached to the customs and feelings associated with Christmas time and was never so happy as when joining in a party or family gathering at that period of the year. As we know, he went further than that and sought to spread and deepen such attachment among others, so much so that the able author of the book under notice,* M. Sylvère Monod, opens his introduction to the new and excellent translations he has given to his countrymen by saying that the theme of Christmas is, perhaps, the most central one in the whole of Dickens's work. Very certainly, as he says, this theme appears and re-appears time after time, from the *Sketches by Boz*, in which it finds charming expression more than once, to the last and half-told tale, with its dramatic Christmas morning in Cloisterham, when Edwin Drood is no more to be seen. On every occasion when Dickens refers to Christmas he does so with an emotion and a charm peculiarly his own and makes his readers feel that he retained undiminished throughout his days that love for the festive season which had been aroused in his heart in childhood.

It has been made a reproach to him by Mr. Hugh Kingsmill that he "never grew up emotionally," and although some of his admirers may think there is some truth in this view and that the fact adversely affected some of Dickens's work and made his life unhappy, they nevertheless will feel that its effect as regards his treatment of Christmas was far from being harmful. His attitude to it was very early marked by a broad humanitarian—or humanist, as some would put it—outlook, a deep sympathy with distress and suffering and a passionate attachment to generous and kindly deeds, done spontaneously for themselves, free from all organised or mechanical acts of charity. Countless others before him had felt as he did, of course, but for people in this country at least Dickens, by the force of his remarkable personality exercised through his writings and later, his readings, came to be almost a special embodiment of what goes by the general term of the Christmas spirit.

Apart from the ordinary references to Christmas, some of which are quite comprehensive, to be met with in the novels, properly so called, Dickens wrote much else on this central theme, but hitherto the lesser known of these writings have not attracted much attention in France and many have remained untranslated to this day. The *Carol*, M. Monod assures us, is well known there, and *The Cricket on the Hearth* to many, but *The Chimes*, *The Battle of Life* and *The Haunted Man* are little heard of. *The Battle of Life* is only a Christmas story in the sense of having appeared at Christmas time. From 1850 onwards Dickens published at that season a number of stories in *Household Words*, of which *The Seven Poor Travellers* and *The Holly Tree* are the best known, and here again one or two of them had little or no connection with Christmas. From 1858, when *A House to Let* came out, there appeared regularly until 1867, in the special numbers of *All the Year Round*, what are regarded by M. Monod as truly a new series of tales, written, however, in some cases in collaboration with others. After exhaustive researches he has been unable to trace any published French translations and has given us

* *Nouveaux Contes de Noël:* being hitherto unpublished translations of certain of Dickens's *Christmas Stories*. By Sylvère Monod. Collection Vox. Union Bibliophile de France. 300 frs.

in this volume renderings of *The Holly Tree*, *Going into Society*, *The Haunted House*—in the two last mentioned only the parts actually written by Dickens—*Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings* and *Legacy*, and the two ghost stories, *The Trial for Murder* (from *Dr. Marigold*) and *The Signalman* (from *Mugby Junction*). He has also taken from *Master Humphrey's Clock* the *Confessions found in Prison*, for a particular reason. It was, of course, necessary to make a selection from the abundance of material available, in an endeavour to present the variety of genius displayed in the tales within reasonable compass. Dickens is a particularly difficult writer to translate, for obvious reasons, his love of a play on words often presenting a very knotty problem to a translator. M. Monod has given the utmost thought and care to every sentence. A comparison of his text with the originals of the *Lirriper* stories, for example, will suffice to make clear the immense pains he has bestowed on a very exacting task.

In the preface to the work, M. Monod dwells in a highly interesting manner on what has been called the "philosophy of Christmas" as exhibited by Dickens and his "evangel of sympathy," hard to define precisely perhaps, but found coming out constantly throughout his career in his protests against intolerance, his never disguised dislike of any kind of extreme or narrow outlook on life and its problems, his constant dwelling on the worth of common kindliness and unaffected sympathy, his contempt for any parade of good works. This is summarised for us, says M. Monod, in the outburst on the part of Scrooge's nephew, whose speech to his perverse uncle embodies the essence of Dickens's attitude and gives us the key to his "philosophy" in the matter. M. Monod also has interesting things to say on the emotional aspects of Dickens's character and its instability in certain directions, exemplified in his preoccupation with morbid subjects and a vague belief in supernatural presentiments. Although he made fun often enough of what may be called the conventional types of ghost or spiritualistic manifestation, he appears to have had some real convictions on the objective reality of phantoms, as distinct from their subjective existence in men's minds, not to be disputed. The two ghost stories mentioned, as well as certain incidents in the novels, seem to bear this out. Probably in these matters, as in many others, Dickens hesitated to adopt any very definite attitude, this in turn arising partly from his innate dislike of anything savouring of dogmatism.

All lovers of his work will, we imagine, agree with M. Monod in thinking that he is at his best in dealing with lives of children and young people and depicting their emotions, hopes and ideals. His descriptions of love scenes, sometimes almost cold and conventional, become charming and true to life when the lovers are young, and it was his almost unparalleled capacity for entering into the joys of youth that gave him power to speak of Christmas and its joyous merry-making in a manner quite his own.

Dickensians owe to M. Monod a debt, not only for the great trouble he has bestowed on making these translations, but also for the sympathy and understanding with which he has approached the problems of Dickens's character and gifts. His judgment on these obviously is the result of a careful study of, and comparison between, all the available facts and numerous opinions expressed on them, tempered by a very real love for the work of "the lord of smiles and tears."

DICKENS'S UNIQUE BOOK

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CAUSERIE

By FRANK A. GIBSON

IN a sense, of course, all Dickens's books are unique; none is exactly or even approximately paralleled; people who write excellent papers and books on "the world of Dickens" are skating deliciously near the far better and more suggestive title "The *worlds* of Dickens." Most readers of Dickens will have felt the truth of this if they first read Dickens when they were young; to the child, to whom even the fairy tale must be true, the world of "*Pickwick*" is one world—that of *Our Mutual Friend* another. This has been indicated, to a certain extent, by Mr. Humphry House in his *The Dickens World*, in which, dismissing the idea that any of the great Dickens characters could step out of one book into another without materially disturbing the arrangements of either, he invites us to imagine Sam Weller in *Our Mutual Friend*. There is, of course, a wide gap of time between the two books, but the difference in atmosphere is almost as much apparent in any of the others, say, *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Oliver Twist*. It is a difference independent of mere chronology. And it may be noticed that the writer just mentioned, in spite of his title, confirms the notion here tentatively advanced when he writes in another connection: "each" [of the Dickens novels] "is *a full world* where the characters can fully be themselves, even doing the smallest thing."

So merely to write of one of Dickens's books as "unique" requires a little justification. Yet it may be reasonably said that there is at least one of Dickens's books containing qualities, whether minor or no, not to be found in any of the others. The book is *Master Humphrey's Clock*.

To begin with, it is unique in being not one book but two—and this must be very puzzling to the Dickens tyro, who usually nowadays makes Master Humphrey's acquaintance in the volume containing Dickens's last and unfinished novel. It must also be a little exasperating to him to reflect that Dickens was able to finish off Master Humphrey so satisfactorily while leaving the other and more interesting subject uncompleted; unless he is like M. Alain of Paris and content to enjoy *Drood* as a fascinating book without bothering his head about the unwritten portion. But Master Humphrey was never very popular during his lifetime, poor fellow, and it is to be feared that, as in the play, "all the doctors" said that poor Humphrey could not live—so poor Humphrey died. It is not very easy to imagine why Dickens thought it necessary to introduce his very pedestrian Greek chorus, old Humphrey, Jack Redburn, Mr. Miles, "the deaf gentleman," and later on Mr. Pickwick, though reasons may no doubt be gathered from Dickens's own explanations at the time. But, alive or dead, Master Humphrey separated from the works he was to read to his companions (the deaf gentleman, we may note, had to look over the reader's shoulder or watch his lips) is rather below standard. It is possibly of *Master Humphrey* rather than of *A Child's History* that Forster should have remarked that the book did not quite "hit the mark."

II.

The tendency of these observations will no doubt be gradually emerging. Humphrey is unique as a single work, and he is nowadays seen as a single work only in the original editions. All Dickens's major works except *Hard Times* and *Great Expectations* were originally published in monthly numbers, and *Master Humphrey's Clock* was alone in receiving simultaneous publication in weekly and monthly

form. It is often assumed that the weekly publication was the only one; it undoubtedly was the form in which the work was planned, and quite naturally the whole construction is governed by the weekly principle. The two novels chiefly composing the work, *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge*, have each a record number of chapters. The first monthly "Part" (and it may be noted again in passing that *Humphrey* is the only Dickens work in "Parts," all the others, and the weekly issue, being "Numbers") is dated "April 4 to 25, 1840," the first weekly number having appeared on Saturday, April 4th and the fourth on Saturday, April 25th, 1840. This dependence of the monthly part on the weekly number also leads to a little irregularity in the former; Parts 5 and 6, for instance, are each dated August, Part 6 running from August 30th to September 26th. Master Humphrey had emerged from his teething troubles in the first "Part," the last chapter of which (it is the whole of No. 4 in the weekly issue) is headed "Personal Adventures of Master Humphrey: The Old Curiosity Shop"—the sub-title in gothic letters.

It seems inevitable that *Master Humphrey's Clock* will interest collectors to an increasing degree. Hitherto (and here again the work is mysteriously different) it has been one of the less sought-after items. Dickens's works in the original numbers (or, as the antiquarian dealers always prefer to call them, "Parts") have for some years past acquired each their separate standard of monetary value, a standard dependent upon the factors of early issue, fine condition and rarity. Some are of course much rarer than others, but it is difficult to imagine that *Master Humphrey's Clock*, which, like *Pickwick*, was threatened at the outset with failure, is likely to be met with more often than another. Yet until quite recently it has been one of the lowest priced of the Dickens items; although containing two major works it has been sometimes offered at little more than half the price of the single books. And what works these two are!—in no way inferior to Dickens's best. Indeed, both the *Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby* excel in a certain idyllic quality, an intriguing reminder of life's solid satisfactions. When little Nell and the grandfather leave home as outcasts, they look forward to their day's wandering with more real anticipation than is felt by the average weekender; seen through Barnaby's eyes the world is a joyous and sylvan adventure. The two books are a perpetual invitation to us to savour life.

III.

But *Master Humphrey's Clock* is unique from a standpoint which appeals to booklovers; its format is large, noble and wide of margin; it was especially praised by Percy Fitzgerald. One of the rarest of Dickens items, the original Prospectus of "Master Humphrey's Clock" (generations ago a notable Dickensian complained that he had been searching in vain for a copy for years) announced that "A number of this work will be published regularly EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. Price Threepence," and that "It will be handsomely printed in Imperial Octavo."

In due course Master Humphrey was published in a handsome cloth binding in three volumes. The first volume ends with the single gentleman walking "in uncommon agitation up and down his room, over the wondering heads of Mr. Swiveller and Miss Sally Brass"; the second with John Willett bowing himself out of Mr. Chester's bedroom in the ancient Maypole; and the third, after the end of Barnaby Rudge, with the single chapter headed "Master Humphrey from his clock-side in the chimney corner." The binding—now, alas! a little faded on even the best copies—is an attractive maroon—figured cloth, richly gilt, with a gilt representation of the Clock on the front

cover. The clock shows the hour at I, II and III on respectively the first, second and third volumes—a neat and thoughtful touch it is impossible not to associate with Dickens himself. One copy the writer has seen contains in the first two volumes only *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and omits the introductory chapters of *Barnaby Rudge* with which the complete volume ends. If one of the other novels, it would no doubt be termed an imperfect copy, but Master Humphrey permits it the redeeming feature of showing the handsome original binding in almost new condition. There can be few new novels ever published with such an ornate binding. Yet one gathers from the Publishers' announcement in No. 20 of the monthly issue that subscribers could "have their copies bound by the publishers, or through their booksellers, for 2*s*." Surely a moderate price, even for those days. The price of the bound third volume of Master Humphrey's Clock containing the conclusion of Barnaby Rudge, was 10*s*. 6*d*. At the same time, Messrs. Chapman and Hall announced the separate publication of *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge*, complete in single volumes, at 13*s*. each.

These volumes make a fourth curiosity in the original form of *Master Humphrey's Clock*. Though they have each a new title page (dated 1841), they are, in fact, as an accompanying advertisement states, printed from the stereotype pages of *Master Humphrey's Clock*, in consequence of which "the numbering of the pages in the present Edition will occasionally be found to be defective." The earlier story has an unnumbered first page, with the engraving showing Master Humphrey with Little Nell and the grandfather in the shop. The second page is numbered "2-38." Page 96 is numbered "96-102," this being partly because Part 3 of the monthly issue begins with the 7-page interlude entitled "Mr. Weller's Watch" and partly, it must be confessed, because the stereotype of the original edition—at any rate of the first issue—is not adhered to in this instance; for page 96 of the single volume issue contains a half-page amplification of Quilp's interview with his wife not to be found in either of the other three first issues. This amplification, which is the passage beginning "Oh, you nice creature . . ." down to "Then he chuckled" was retained in all later editions. It is not the only instance of Dickens altering the text for the completed work. There is another at page 47, where the passage of more than 200 words beginning "I sat down in my easy chair" and ending "and court forgetfulness" is new and not to be found in the first issues. Here and there are also slight textual adjustments, indicating that in several cases new stereotypes were prepared for the one-volume issues. The point is of course that in both volumes Master Humphrey and the chorus were eliminated, not to say expurgated. One must, however, retain with Dickens a kindly feeling for this typical English cripple and recluse, who was looked at askance by the cottagers of his London suburb (near enough to London for the chimes of St. Paul's to be heard) until they decided that he was not "a spy, an infidel, a conjuror, a kidnapper of children, a refugee, a priest or a monster" and "began to relent." The woodcut at the end of Chapter I shows them relenting. Both they and the artist seem to realise at this early stage that Master Humphrey was not long for this world.

But our interest in Master Humphrey cannot be dismissed in such cavalier fashion. Like the later Mr. Pickwick, the "Master Humphrey" of *Master Humphrey's Clock* was (as Chesterton put it) "too comfortable to be amusing." He had seen days which were much more entertaining and much less comfortable—when he was lodger at Brass's delectable establishment in Bevis Marks. For good Master Humphrey was "the single gentleman," "the younger brother," little Nell's grand-uncle. This is one of the Dickens intricacies which, unlike many of the others, is not easily forgotten. If we had not Dickens's own

word for it, we should not believe it; but, knowing it as we do, Humphrey assumes for us an added sympathy and interest.

The fact is, of course, if we *must* peep behind the scenes, that the original title: "Personal Adventures of Master Humphrey" was difficult to justify in any other way. It was Dickens's final change in a changed plan. Dickens, like Thackeray, was often led by his characters. "The characters, once created, *lead me*, and I follow where they direct. I cannot tell the events that wait on Ethel and Clive." So said Thackeray while he was writing *The Newcomes*.

IV

The Dickens amateur who knows at least one of the other Dickens books in "Parts" may be surprised to see that *Master Humphrey's Clock*, although containing two full books as well as a number of incidental chapters, does not bulk much more than its single companions. The reason is twofold: the larger format carries a larger printed page, and for some reason or other the advertising matter is perceptibly less than in both earlier and later works—than in, for instance, *Nickleby* and *Chuzzlewit*. There is no "Master Humphrey's Advertiser" as there is a "Nickleby Advertiser," a "Chuzzlewit Advertiser" or an "Edwin Drood Advertiser." The weekly issue has no inserted advertisements, and the number of inserted advertisements in the monthly issue is less than in most of the other works. Some of the familiar advertisements make, however, excellent showing on the *Clock's* expansive page, and there is one advertisement in the weekly issue (but not in the monthly) which should have been mentioned in that erudite little classic *The Dickens Advertiser*, namely the first announcement of *Punch*. This is one of the best advertisements in all the Dickens novels, containing as it does Mr. Punch's first but not his worst pun. The words "Just out" at the advertisement's head refer doubly to *Punch's* first appearance on Saturday, July 18th, 1841, and to the disappearance from office of Lord Melbourne, who, with two of his colleagues, Lords Morpeth and Russell, is depicted below the caption. As regards the Prime Minister, "Just out" was intelligent anticipation, for the change of government was not made until a few weeks later. *Punch's* first appearance was timed to coincide exactly with No. 68 of *Master Humphrey's Clock*.

The monthly Part 8 has a curious inset advertisement of *Every Family's Book of Health*, just published, pp. 96, price 1s. 6d. It contained "a number of valuable receipts, including Mr. Lee's famous one of BRANDY AND SALT," a blend warmly recommended for every major and minor ailment under the sun except a few such as ringworm, whooping cough and worms, which are reserved for children. It is presumably quite by chance that the number opens with the woodcut of Little Nell having her first seizure. She was revived with a few homely comforts by the friendly landlady, and Mr. Lee is no doubt left to wonder whether she was not really old enough for his soul-searching remedy.

The dearth of advertising matter in the handsomest of Dickens parts is possibly a mystery best elucidated by an expert; but it certainly does not point to an overwhelming circulation. The inside cover of Part 19 is actually occupied in full by an Author's Announcement, in which Dickens remarks that "Next November we shall have finished the Tale on which we are at present engaged; and shall have travelled together through Twenty Monthly Parts and Eighty-seven Weekly Numbers. . . . Taking advantage of the respite which the close of this work will afford me, I have decided, in January next, to pay a visit to America. . . . On the First of November, Eighteen hundred and forty-two, I purpose, if it please God, to commence my

new work in monthly parts, under the old green cover, in the old siz and form, and at the old price."

Dickens was a few months later than this schedule, as the firs number of "the new work in monthly parts," *Martin Chuzzlewit*, di not appear until January 1843. But Dickens was not idle, for th two volumes of *American Notes for General Circulation* were ready i 1842. There might never have been a new work. Neither Dicken nor Forster makes much mention of the ill-fated *President*, th steamship lost with all hands in the Atlantic but six months befor Dickens's announcement, the cheerful insouciance of which is modifie only by "the reflection that it [the visit to America] must separat us for a longer time than other circumstances would have rendere necessary." How near the steamship *Britannia* was to suffering th same fate as the *President* may be gathered from Dickens's own word later on. *Master Humphrey's Clock* very nearly had the additiona and mournful distinction of being Dickens's last work.

The book is also the only one in parts which actually has 20 parts the others having 19 parts with No. 19 as a double number. Ther were 88 weekly numbers, and not 87, as Dickens stated prematurel in his announcement. The eight parts 3, 6, 8, 10, 13, 16, 19 and 2 each contained five of the weekly numbers, which makes up the od number of 88 numbers in the 20 parts.

DICKENS IN CLEVELAND, OHIO

BY ARTHUR A. ADRIAN

WHEN Charles Dickens made his first visit to America in 1842, wave of excitement swept the country. The creator of th immortal Pickwick, the champion of the oppressed, the idol of th great middle class was actually to be seen in person on this side of th Atlantic. Full of enthusiasm was the welcome he received. Throng of admirers greeted him at every stop; he was the guest of honour a numerous dinners and receptions; and the newspapers bestowed o him their lavish praise.

Like the periodicals of other American towns, the Cleveland paper called attention to the comings and goings of the great "Boz." Typica of the tributes paid the novelist is the following editorial from th *Cleveland Herald* for February 5th, 1842. So unrestrained are it encomiums and so earnest are its admonitions to the American reader that it warrants quotation in its entirety:

> Charles Dickens, Alias Boz.—This gentleman, distinguished for hi literary works, is now on a visit to the United States. He has come amon us *a stranger*—yet known to all. His name is familiar to the tenants o all the log cabins in the West. He has no long line of titled ancestry t boast of. He has no *legislative* title of nobility. He is not a "noble lord," and no *royal blood courses* through his veins.
>
> Mr. Dickens is one of *nature's noblemen*. His title of nobility is derive from *Heaven*. He is one of the truly gifted—he has amplitude of intellect splendour of genius, and brilliancy of imagination. He has made virtu comely and beautiful in the most homely garb, and in the midst of wretched ness and want—and made vice hideous in the midst of splendor and wealth He has described the mysterious workings of the human mind, and mad millions of human hearts vibrate with emotions of joy and sorrow, in hi touching descriptions of the sufferings and rewards of virtue.
>
> He has painted childhood in its innocence and purity—adorned th little, patient, suffering and heroic "Nell," with all the loveliness an excellence which belongs to the angelic nature of the female heart. H has described the strong and over-mastering passions of the heart of man— and exposed the hideous depravity of his race in strong and unfading colors
>
> He is a child of Genius. From the abodes of obscurity he has rise and taken place among the deathless names of earth. The most gifte

and intellectual ones of the world claim him as a brother—and Virtue, clad in robes of spotless white, owns him as a friend.

The editorial concludes on a note of warning. Had the advice of ne following paragraph been observed generally by his admirers in ne New World, Dickens would have had little provocation to castigate the *American Notes* the annoying antics and the noisy demonstrations that attended his various appearances in the United States.

We hope that our countrymen will receive this gifted author, in a manner creditable to themselves and to their country. We expect that some will make fools of themselves, in their sycophantic fawnings about this gentleman. The Literati—the Fashionables—the worshippers of Mammon—all classes, will be eager to receive him as a guest, to do him homage, and to pay him respect. He will be fed and toasted and toted about, from place to place, and we fear will be kept like a lion caged. Let him have peace and liberty. Let him go untrammeled over our country, see its schools—its workshops, its fields—its improvements in art—in science—in agriculture. Let him go among *the people*, and be one of them. Let him have freedom to look over our young Republic at his leisure, and to see how we live, and move, and progress in the new world. Give him liberty.

The progress of Dickens's travels in this country the *Cleveland Herald* followed with interest. On April 8th, 1842, appeared this ention of the novelist's arrival at Cincinnati:

Mr. Dickens and Lady arrived in Cincinnati on the 4th. We are glad to see that no sort of Boz-fooleries were manifested in the Queen City on the occasion.

oteworthy is the concern with which this paper viewed the possibility iat Americans might disgrace themselves in the eyes of their illustrious sitor. As the earlier editorial had enjoined the readers to observe ie proprieties of conduct in their associations with this noted guest, this last note expressed gratification over the absence of any untoard incidents during the Cincinnati stop. The emphasis on proper ehaviour also characterizes the reference to Dickens's St. Louis visit, recorded in the April 19th, 1842, issue:

Boz.—Mr. Dickens and Lady arrived at St. Louis on the 11th. The Republican says he finds a cordial welcome in that far land of the West.

Finally the great author reached Cleveland. Of his reactions to is city, all those who have read Forster's *Life* are already informed. aving crossed Ohio from Cincinnati to Sandusky, "Boz" and his wife ook the steamer *Constitution* down the Lake and stopped at Cleveland om midnight, April 24th, till nine o'clock the following morning. Vriting to Forster on Tuesday, April 26th, Dickens had the following o say about his brief stay here:

We lay all Sunday night at a town (and a beautiful town too) called Cleveland; on Lake Erie. The people poured on board, in crowds, by six on Monday morning, to see me; and a party of "gentlemen" actually planted themselves before our little cabin, and stared in at the door and windows *while I was washing, and Kate lay in her bed.* I was so incensed at this, and at a certain newspaper published in that town which I had accidentally seen in Sandusky (advocating war with England to the death, saying that Britain must be "whipped again," and promising all true Americans that within two years they should sing Yankee-doodle in Hyde Park and Hail Columbia in the courts of Westminster), that when the mayor came on board to present himself to me, according to custom, I refused to see him, and bade Mr. Q. tell him why and wherefore. His honor took it very coolly, and retired to the top of the wharf, with a big stick and a whittling knife, with which he worked so lustily (staring at the closed door of the cabin all the time) that long before the boat left the big stick was no bigger than a cribbage peg!

The offending article to which Dickens referred had appeared in the newly established *Plain Dealer*. As Archer W. Shaw* has shown, it had not come originally from the pen of J. W. Gray, the editor, but had been clipped from the *Index*, a journal published at Alexandria (then in the District of Columbia) and edited by Jesse E. Dow. It was reprinted in the *Plain Dealer* merely to fill space and was accompanied by an acknowledgment of its origin. The latter point Dickens apparently overlooked when he turned against Cleveland and refused to see the mayor, who at that time was Dr. Joshua Mills, an eminent physician and a valued citizen.

That Dickens refused to set foot in Cleveland, however, is not borne out by the newspaper accounts of the time. Though unattended by the usual fanfare and the noisy crowds, " Boz " did leave the Lake for a short stroll while his boat lay in port. The *Cleveland Herald* for April 25th, 1842, referred briefly to this incident:

> Mr. Dickens and Lady passed down the Lake to-day on the Constitution. While the boat was in port this morning Mr. D. took a stroll about town with a travelling friend, returned to the boat and immediately retired to his State room. The gentlemen and loafers gathered about the dock got a sight at " The Dickens "—that was all !

To this terse statement the account appearing in the *Plain Dealer* for April 27th, 1842, added some further details and injected a suggestion of irony:

> The " Dickens was to pay " here on Monday morning, when " Boz " was announced to be among us, " taking notes " we suppose. He came on the Steamboat Constitution from Sandusky, took a hasty stroll through our streets accompanied by a Boston friend, and returned to the state-room on board, and shut himself up " from the vulgar gaze." His lady, however showed her plump round English face to as many as wished to look, which quite compensated the gaping crowd, as she and her modest lord are *one* according to the English law.

Although Dickens had spurned the invitation of the mayor of Cleveland and had held himself aloof from his zealous admirers, the *Cleveland Herald* continued to favour the novelist and champion his cause at a time when his derogatory remarks about this country gave offence to many an American. Apparently, the *Herald* was in full accord with Dickens's strictures on the New World. The novelist had stated in one of his letters, published in the *London Morning Chronicle* that instead of being pleased over the attentions he received in America he was more often annoyed. He had not sought these attentions they were forced upon him, often to the inconvenience of himself and his party. " The kindness of a friend, if it is troublesome," continues the letter, " often annoys as much as the injuries of an enemy." With these convictions the *Cleveland Herald* was in agreement. On one of its pages for August 8th, 1842, appeared the following editorial:

> " What the Dickens is the Matter."—Now Boz is safe home again, he is putting it to the ninnies this side of the Atlantic who roasted, toasted, danced, and speechified the " Literary Lion," good and strong. Give it to them Boz; until our countrymen learn a little wisdom by experience if nothing else will teach them self respect. . . .Bravo ! Boz.

In view of the fact that Dickens held a low opinion of Cleveland and coldly turned his back upon the welcoming party headed by its mayor, it is interesting to note that the *Cleveland Herald* remained unshaken in its profound respect for the great " Boz." It paid him elaborate homage when he arrived in that country, and it continued to applaud him even after he had given America a verbal flaying. Such was the stand of the four-page daily paper whose appreciation of Dickens's judgment remained unaltered in spite of the incident at the Cleveland port on April 25th, 1842.

*In *The Plain Dealer, One Hundred Years in Cleveland* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1942), p. 45.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

DICKENS IN AMERICAN MAGAZINES

" Henry Ward Beecher . . . was added to Bonner's list of contributors by certain timely financial aid in a personal emergency, and the *Ledger* later paid him $30,000 for his serial novel *Norwood*. To Longfellow, Bonner paid $3,000 for *The Hanging of the Crane*; and for Dickens's three-part *Hunted Down*, ' written especially for the *New York Ledger*,' he paid $5,000.

" American Magazines on English Literature. Much of the critical talent of American magazinists was expended on English works. Comment on Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, and Tennyson was especially prominent. ' No author was ever more popular in America than Dickens,' declared a writer in *Putnam's*. A decade of steady production of popular novels had dulled the memory of *American Notes*, with its injury to national pride.

The Home Journal.

". . . there was much miscellany of an entertaining kind in the *Home Journal*. For a long time there was a department called ' Gossip and News of Parisian Journals,' and another of ' Returned Love Letters.' . . . There were many selections borrowed from other journals, and occasionally a pirated English novel—as *Dombey and Son*, issued in monthly supplements in 1848.

Harper's Monthly Magazine.

" The first number of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* appeared in June, 1850. It consisted of 144 octavo pages printed in small type in double columns on a good paper stock, enclosed in a light buff cover designed in imitation of the English *Bentley's*. The price was $3.00 a year. Two serials were begun: Charles Lever's historical romance, *Maurice Tiernay, Soldier of Fortune*, and Mrs. Annie Marsh's *Lettice Arnold*. There were three short stories, two of them by Dickens—one of his less-known Christmas tales and *A Child's Dream of a Star*.

" Yet the outcry raised against the Harper piracies, by rivals and by disappointed American writers, may have had some effect; or there may have been a gradual awakening of the combined Harper mind to the fact that behind these ' unbounded treasures ' from overseas there were human beings who could do with a small share of profits. At any rate, when Dickens's *Bleak House* began its course through the magazine in 1852, newspapers announced that its author was being paid liberally for its use in the magazine and in book form. This custom grew year by year, until by the latter 'fifties, most of the serials were being paid for in the form of a price for the ' advanced sheets.' These early proofs gave the purchaser a priority and a right which was usually recognised as ' courtesy of the trade.' The serials published in early volumes of *Harper's* were Dickens's *Bleak House* and *Little Dorrit*, Thackeray's *Newcomes* and *Virginians*, Bulwer's *My Novel*, George Eliot's *Romola*, as well as less-remembered novels by Trollope, Lever, Mrs. Craik, and others. Doubtless, most of these, after the first three or four volumes of the magazine, were paid for through the purchase of advance sheets: we have the testimony of the Harpers that they paid $2,000 each for *Little Dorrit* and *The Virginians*!

" The extra-legal ' courtesy of the trade ' did not always work. The following notice appeared at the top of the editorial columns of *Harper's Weekly* through several issues late in 1857:

> ' Mr. Thackeray's new story, *The Virginians*, with many humorous illustrations by the author, is commenced in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is printed from early sheets received from the author in advance of publication in England; for which the publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of two thousand dollars. With the full knowledge of this arrangement, the proprietors of the *New York Tribune*, who have been leading advocates of an international Copyright Law, and profess the warmest regard for the interests of British authors in this country, have begun *to copy this story from our Magazine* into their paper. . . . The same parties, under the same circumstances, reprinted upon us Mr. Dickens's *Little Dorrit*, for which we paid the author two thousand dollars for early sheets of a foreign work which is instantly reprinted upon

him by a rival in business. The course of the *Tribune* is therefore decidedly calculated to deprive the British author of the only compensation he can get in the present state of the Copyright Law.'

" But the point is that America had no great popular novelists like Dickens and Thackeray, proved and sure and profitable. Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, and Trollope were good business.

" But just as English serials had made *Harper's* prosperity in the first place, so they renewed it now. In December, 1864, the magazine began to print Wilkie Collins' *Armadale* ; and from the very first instalment of this story the old popularity began to flow back ' until before the story was completed, the magazine had reached its former circulation.' Doubtless some of the credit for this new success belongs to Dickens's *Our Mutual Friend*, which was also running its course through *Harper's* in 1865.

The Newspaper.

" Reade, Lever, Dickens, Pierce Egan, and Miss Mulock were among the authors whose novels were printed serially in the *Newspaper*.

Harper's Weekly.

" After the new journal struck its stride, it was never without its serial, and sometimes two at once ; in its first three volumes it printed Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, Collins's *The Woman in White*, Curtis's single venture in the novel *Trumps*, and other serials by Bulwer, Reade, and Mrs. Gaskell.

" *Harper's Weekly* never regained the circulation it lost in the campaign of 1884. It had for several years been missing the magical names of the group of English novelists who had passed ; Farjeon, Payn, and Braddon could not equal Dickens, Reade, and Collins.

The Atlantic Monthly.

" In addition to some named in a preceding list, Howells here cites the following contributors during his control of the *Atlantic* : William M. Baker, William Henry Bishop, H. H. Boyesen, Clemens, Philip Deming, Dickens . . .

" A Dickens novelette, *George Silverman's Explanation*, which cost the publishers of the *Atlantic* $1,000 in advance sheets, excited less comment but was similarly unprofitable."—" A History of American Magazines," 1850-1865, by F. L. Mott. (Harvard Univ. Press.)

* * * * *

ROWLANDSON

" Quite often it was the ' picture ' element in books of the Rowlandson sort that really ' sold the book,' especially when the illustrator was a popular draughtsman. Though the system has endured to this day, it was seriously wounded—long after Rowlandson's time—by a certain young writer named Charles Dickens ; for it must be remembered that *Pickwick* (1836-37) was originally conceived as a mere vehicle for Robert Seymour's plates, and it was the reversal of the policy that helped to drive the melancholic Seymour to suicide. Outclassed by superior genius, he elected to die, having failed to perpetuate the system under which he had lived.

" And so it was that, for many a long day, humorous characters in fiction were sometimes endowed with an antiquarian bias that would be incomprehensible nowadays. We meet with the same amiable eccentricity in the case of Mr. Samuel Pickwick's immortal discovery of the stone . . .

" Indeed, one suspects that in that strange half-world where the creations of authors live as men and women, Pickwick has claimed Syntax as a relative on the distaff side. Nor is this as fanciful as it might appear, especially when it is remembered Syntax was lean and that Seymour originally drew Pickwick as a thin man, and not as the rotund figure of Dickens's conception, since become so dear to us. And just as the success of Dickens's *Pickwick* was attended by piracy and plagiarism, so was ' Syntax ' followed by false adventures from other hands than Rowlandson's and Combe's. Had we not had Pickwick, we should remember very much more of Dr. Syntax.

". . . the *Chesterfield Travestie* ; or, *School for Modern Manners* (1808) a collaboration between Rowlandson and Woodward, aimed at the great Lord Chesterfield himself, that arbiter of taste and good breeding whom, as ' Mr. Chester,' Dickens was so mercilessly to lash in *Barnaby Rudge*.

" In short, Rowlandson figures are about us in the flesh if not in the clothes, as are figures ' straight out of ' Dickens, so frequently accused of wildly exaggerating when he was merely engaged in humorous emphasis,

and not always that ! Those who lived at the time had fewer illusions on that score, unless they themselves were too close to the likeness to see it. Mrs. Nickleby was Dickens's mother, but the figure seemed vastly absurd to old Mrs. Dickens.

" He was very sure of himself was Mr. George Cruikshank, sometimes a trifle too sure. Like one Robert Seymour, who had seen fit to shoot himself over the matter of illustrating *Pickwick*—he had had his brush with Charles Dickens. He had come to believe that Dickens and Harrison Ainsworth had written-up to some of his designs and that *Oliver Twist* was really his own idea. He belonged to an age that frequently reckoned plates first and letterpress second ; just as Rowlandson's plates were the making of ' Syntax.' Disturbing Mr. Dickens had done much to alter all that ; but though ' Phiz ' had long since arrived and other illustrators had arrived, Mr. Cruikshank's name still stood high in honour."—" Rowlandson," by F. Gordon Roe. (Lewis.)

* * * * *

CARADOC EVANS

" Usually he read at breakfast—his little books of Dickens, the Apocrypha, Tchekhov, Renan's *Life of Jesus*, Tolstoy, Balzac . . .

" ' I like his conversation when he gets on to Dickens. He's a Dickens fan. He's a maniac on Dickens.'

" ' Sometimes I think we are all dreams moving in the mind of an Immortal —and he smiles as he sleeps ! You know, even Micawber who was dreamed alive by Dickens is immortal.'

" And of Bernard Shaw : ' One of these days he'll read Dickens and he won't be anything like so sure ! '

" ' We could have passed an examination on Dickens topography with flying colours. Dickens always fascinated me. I read Foster's [sic] *Life of Dickens* in Kensington Gardens for a solid fortnight when I lost my holiday money."—" Caradoc Evans," by Oliver Sandys. (Hurst & Blackett.)

* * * * *

J. F. NEWTON

" To my mother, chiefly, I owe my love of great literature, which has been such an inspiration and comfort. She knew Shakespeare too—the enthusiasm of my tutor made her happy—but Scott and Dickens were her cronies ; Scott gave her a sense of the solidity of things, and rich variety of character and personality, while for Dickens the streets of London were ' a pantomime and a masquerade.'

" If Dickens was the greatest American ever born in England—as I often said to the annoyance of my English friends—Chesterton is the best England has given us since Dickens went away."—" River of Years, an Autobiography," by Joseph Fort Newton. (Lippincott.)

* * * * *

" The grave was placed in the Poets' Corner and now has as near neighbour that of Charles Dickens. The proximity of their ashes may, perhaps, be symbolic of the similar massive influence which each has exercised on the hearts and minds of generations they never knew."—" Handel," by P. M. Young. (Dent.)

DICKENSIANA

" Scenes of London Life from *Sketches by Boz*." Illustrated by Cruikshank. Selected and Introduced by J. B. Priestley. Pan Books, 4/6.

" Autobiography. Anthony Trollope." Edited by Bradford A. Booth. Cambridge University Press, 21/-.

" These Dickens Folk." Armand J. Gerson. Dorrance, Philadelphia, $2.50.

" Nouveaux Contes de Nöel." Translated from Dickens by Sylvère Monod. Collection Vox. Union Bibliophile de France, 300 frs.

" Dickens and the Origin of *The Warden*." Lionel Stevenson. *The Trollopian*, September, 1947.

" Unpopular Dickens." An Essay (6 pp.). John Kirby, published by the author at 2 Florence Street, London, N.1., 4d.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Branch Reports of not more than 200 words are invited for inclusion on this page. Press cuttings are not acceptable.

BROMLEY

THE new season opened with a special and general meeting on October 18th, when it was announced that Mr. T. W. Hill, the President ever since the foundation of the Branch in 1929 with the exception of two years 1930-31, wished, on account of advanced age, to retire from office. Under the chairmanship of Mr. S. Davis, a special message of cordial thanks was sent to Mr. Hill for his long devotion to the interests of the Branch. No successor is to be appointed for the present. As an experiment the meetings for the next few months are to be held on Saturday afternoons instead of the evening of any other day, and a room in a hall near the centre of the town has been engaged. Miss P. Harmsworth has been elected Secretary and Mr. T. S. Lascelles will lecture in November, followed in January by Mr. S. Davis, the December meeting being devoted to papers and readings by members.

T. S. L.

EASTBOURNE

AT a public meeting on October 10th under the chairmanship of Mr. C. H. Taylor, it was decided to re-form the Eastbourne Branch. The meeting was addressed by the Hon. Secretary of Headquarters, Mr. Percy Merriman, Mrs. J. Bacon and Capt. R. C. D. Shuckburgh, M.C., a great-grandson of the novelist and after some discussion it was unanimously resolved to re-form the Branch. The original branch which succumbed to war conditions, was a highly successful one and unique in so far that it possessed its own hall. All good wishes go out to the new organization which should have a most promising start. Dickens Hall is to be restored and will soon, it is hoped, be housing regular Dickensian meetings once more. Local members and the Fellowship at large are indebted to Mr. C. H. Taylor for the yeoman service he has rendered in the revival.

L. C. S.

OBITUARY

Miss N. LETLEY, Headquarters.
Mr. HARRY PARKS, President, Adelaide Branch.
Mrs. C. FAY WILLARD, Palos Verdes Branch.

THE DICKENS HOUSE ENDOWMENT FUND
(WALTER DEXTER MEMORIAL)

Twelve Pounds Eight Shillings and Two Pence.—Legacy by Mrs. Thomson F. Edwards, Philadelphia.

Five Pounds Six Shillings.—Rochester Branch (Whist Drive).

Five Pounds.—St. Pancras Branch. Raffle of a doll. Won by Miss Calkin.

Four Pounds Five Shillings.—Gloucester Branch (Lecture: Mr. Leslie C. Staples).

Three Pounds Fourteen Shillings.—Preston Branch (Bring and Buy Sale).

Three Pounds Nine Shillings.—Mr. and Mrs. Philip Maguire.

Three Pounds.—Mr. S. B. Bradford. Mrs. Wisdom (St. Pancras) in Memory of Miss Bovingdon.

Two Pounds Twelve Shillings and Six Pence.—Mr. W. Jepson.

One Pound Six Shillings and Six Pence.—Anon.

One Guinea.—Mrs. Bacon (Redditch Youth Club), Miss B. Beagley (in memory of Miss N. Letley), Mrs. M. E. Chappell, Miss B. E. Dockrill Mr. T. W. Hill, Mr. James Shepheard.

One Pound.—Mrs. F. B. Barnett, Mr. H. Benn, "In Memory of Miss N. Letley from a group of her friends."

Fifteen Shillings.—Mrs. Phillips.

Ten Shillings and Six Pence.—Miss May S. Jeffrey, Mrs. Newcombe (St. Pancras).

Total to date £3,190 5s. 3d. plus $268.9.

The sum at the head of the above list, £12 8s. 2d., was bequeathed to the Fund by the late Mrs. Thomson F. Edwards of the Philadelphia Branch. May we suggest that her example be followed by other Dickensians when making their wills.

THE DICKENS HOUSE

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1946.

LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
The Dickens Fellowship—		
Loan	550 0 0	
Interest accrued thereon...	10 0 0	
	560 0 0	
Add Current Account	112 16 0	
		672 16 0
Sundry Creditors	... ...	27 19 7
Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift	... ...	102 19 9
Walter Dexter Memorial Fund	... ...	800 0 0
Balance—		
As at 31st December, 1945	5380 13 0	
Less Excess of Expenditure over Income for the year to 31st December, 1946	129 8 7	
		5251 4 5
		£6854 19 9

ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Freehold Property—		
Nos. 48 and 49 Doughty Street, at cost		...5108 5 2
Furniture and Fittings, at cost less, depreciation—		
As at 31st December, 1945	210 5 1	
Add Purchase during year	2 6 5	
	212 11 6	
Less Depreciation for the year	10 12 7	
		201 18 11
Library and Museum, at cost		... 138 12 2
Stock of Pictures, Postcards, China, etc.— (As certified by the Hon. Secretary)		24 7 11
Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift Investment—		
£188 5*s* 9*d*. 2½% Consolidated Stock, at cost ... ... (Held by the Official Trustees of Charitable Funds) (Market Value, 31st December, 1946, £185 9*s*. 3*d*.)		... 102 19 9
Payments in advance	38 15 0	
The Dickensian	27 3 0	
		65 18 0
Cash at Bank and in Hand		...1212 17 10
		£6854 19 9

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the books and vouchers of The Dickens House and certify it to be in accordance therewith. We have also verified the Investment.

4b Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2.
15*th August*, 1947.

(*Signed*) WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY,
Chartered Accountants,
Hon. Auditors.

THE DICKENS HOUSE

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1946.

EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To General Expenses						
Stationery and Postages	28	0	8			
Petty Cash and Sundry Expenses	35	0	3			
Telephone	14	12	3			
Caretaking Expences	52	18	4			
Salary	177	16	0			
	308	7	6			
,, General and Water Rates	85	3	8			
,, Insurances	39	15	10			
,, Light and Heating	44	9	7			
	477	16	7			
Less Contribution from The Dickens Fellowship	15	0	0			
				462	16	7
,, Interest—Mortgage	30	16	2			
Loan	10	0	0			
				40	16	2
,, General Repairs, Buildings				382	12	0
,, Maintenance of Furniture and Fittings				12	7	6
,, Depreciation of Furniture and Fittings				10	12	7
				£909	4	10

INCOME.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Annual Subscriptions—						
Friends of Dickens House				108	5	9
Admission Fees				72	7	0
Reproduction Fees				5	15	6
,, Rents—						
No. 49 Doughty Street	293	0	0			
The Dickensian	35	0	0			
The Dickens Fellowship	50	0	0			
				378	0	0
,, Interest—						
On £188 5*s.* 9*d.* 2½% Consolidated Stock (Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift)	4	14	0			
On Post Office Savings Bank Deposit	10	15	11			
				15	9	11
,, Pilgrim Trust				100	0	0
,, Profit on Sales				99	18	1
,, Excess of Expenditure over Income carried to Balance Sheet				129	8	7
				£909	4	10

The Dickens Fellowship

Founded October 6th, 1902

President 1946-48 :

HENRY CHARLES DICKENS, O.B.E.

The subscription for Fellows attached to Headquarters is one guinea per annum, including *The Dickensian* post free ; for second and subsequent members of the same family living in the same house the Annual Subscription is fifteen shillings but does not include a copy of the magazine. Branches fix their own subscriptions. A list of branches appears overleaf.

LONDON MEETINGS

Dec.	Mon. 1st.	Lecture, "Filming Dickens," by **Mr. David Lean.***
„	Fri. 12th.	Dramatic Performance of **"The Cricket on the Hearth."** Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, 7-30 p.m.
Jan.	Wed. 7th.	"One Hundred Years of Costume," by **Mr. James Laver.***
Feb.	Fri. 6th.	Birthday Dinner. All tickets sold. Other limited accommodation—apply Hon. Secretary.
„	Sun. 8th.	**Annual Dickens Service, Southwark Cathedral, 6-30 p.m.†**
„	Wed. 18th.	Lecture-Recital, by the **Revd. George A. Parkinson.***

* The Swedenborg Hall, 20-22 Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1, at 7 p.m.
† Special attention is drawn to this Service, now announced for the first time.

THE DICKENS HOUSE ENDOWMENT FUND

(WALTER DEXTER MEMORIAL)

Dickens lovers the world over are asked to give this Fund every possible support. Launched as a Memorial to that great Dickensian, the late Walter Dexter, it is most urgently needed for the maintenance of the National Memorial to Charles Dickens established by the Dick ns Fellowship. Individual contributions, large or small, are welcomed, but a special appeal is made to

BRANCHES OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

to organize special functions of all kinds in aid of the Fund.

The sum raised to date is something more than £3,200. Much more must be added before the resultant income reaches adequate proportions. Many branches have, over a period, raised totals of £100 or £120. Every branch at home and overseas is invited to consider the possibilities of co-operating. Write to the Dickens House for advice.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

LIST OF BRANCHES WITH HON. SECRETARIES.

HEADQUARTERS: THE DICKENS HOUSE, 48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

Hon. Secretary: PERCY MERRIMAN.

LONDON AND DISTRICT.

BALHAM (No. 93).—Miss JANE DAVIES, 10 Thirlmere Road, S.W.16.

LEYTON (No. 90).—A. BROWNING, Senr., 74 Warren Road, Leyton, E.10.

ST. PANCRAS (No. 76).—Mrs. NEWCOMBE, 20 Gloucester Crescent, N.W.1.

DICKENSIAN TABARD PLAYERS (No. 101).—J. J. FRENCH, 20 Trelawney House, Union Street, S.E.1.

UNITED KINGDOM.

BATH (No. 81).—Miss D. GREEN, 39 Belgrave Crescent.

BIRMINGHAM (No. 19).—Mrs. FOX-DAVIES, 48 Wood End Road, Erdington.

BLACKBURN (No. 107).—LEO. MASON, 124 Preston New Road.

BLACKPOOL (No. 92).—Miss I. WILKINSON, 8 Lightbown Avenue, Marton.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY (No. 124).—A. SINCOCK, 1 Dongola Avenue, Horfield, Bristol.

BROADSTAIRS (No. 130).—Miss TATTAM, Dickens House, Broadstairs.

BROMLEY (No. 98).—Miss P. HARMSWORTH, 1 Oldfield Road, Bickley, Kent.

CHELTENHAM (No. 63).—Miss C. DALLIMORE, "Wrendlebury," Kensington Avenue.

CIRENCESTER (No. 109).—J. H. BOSWORTH, 9 Cecily Hill.

EASTBOURNE (No. 75).—A. MORTON WEBB, 12 Old Orchard Road.

EDINBURGH (No. 3).—Miss K. H. JOHNSTON, 13 Queen's Bay Crescent, Joppa.

GLOUCESTER (No. 40).—Miss E. A. DARKIN, 21 Heathville Road.

HATFIELD (No. 62).—Miss W. BUTTERFIELD, 7 Glebelands.

HULL (No. 34).—Miss MARGARET CORDOCK, 43 Grafton Street, Hull.

LITTLEBOURNE (No. 122).—Miss A. E. DALLEY, The Street, Ickham, near Canterbury.

LIVERPOOL (No. 5).—Miss M. M. KELLY, 35 Ullet Road.

LYTHAM ST. ANNES (No 135) Mrs. GRAYSTOCK, 117 St. Andrew's Road South, St. Anne's on Sea.

MANCHESTER (No. 4).—Miss MARY CORNEY, 46 Alexandra Road, South.

NOTTINGHAM (No. 9).—BASIL BASTON, 51 Chaworth Road, W. Bridgford.

PLYMOUTH (No. 46).—Miss VERA COCKS, 31 Mt. Gold Road, Lipson.

PORTSMOUTH (No. 6).—Mrs. STOCK, 58 Francis Avenue, Southsea.

PRESTON (No. 123).—Mrs. J. A. WOOD, 2 Beech Drive, Broughton.

REDDITCH (No. 56).—Miss E. BOTTRELL, 33 Ipsley Street.

ROCHESTER (No. 13).—Miss A. BUTLER, 253, Maidstone Road.

RUGBY (No. 111).—A. E. LEESON, 68 Clifton Road.

SHEFFIELD (No. 23).—Miss ROSA GRAY, 63 Dodd Street, Hillsborough.

SHREWSBURY (No. 14).—Mrs. BENTLEY, Rose Villa, Percy Street, Greenfields.

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